

# MACLEAN'S

JUNE 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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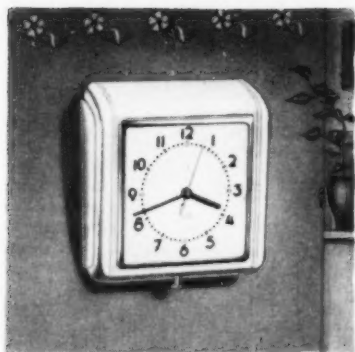


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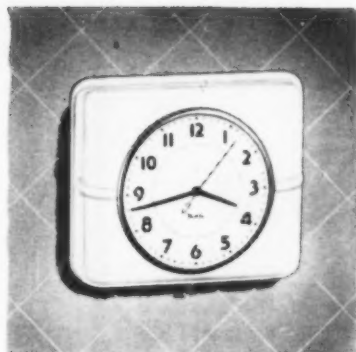
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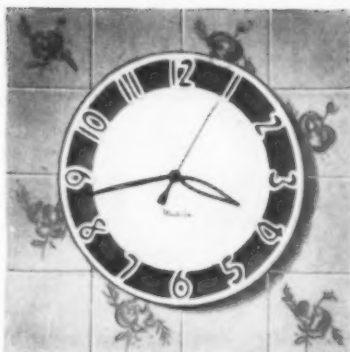




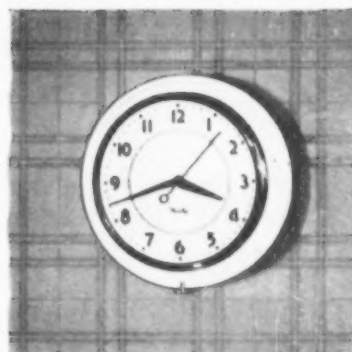
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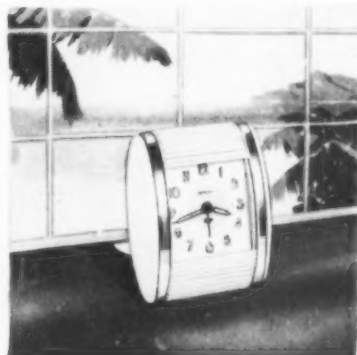
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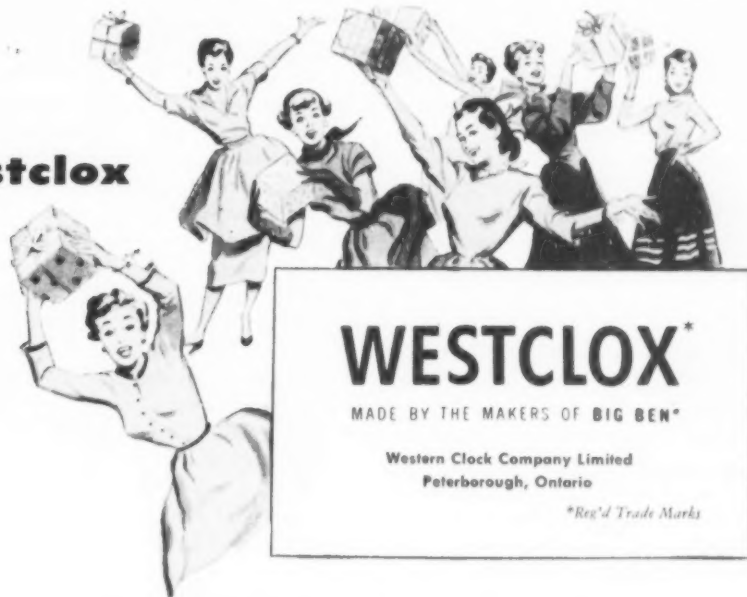
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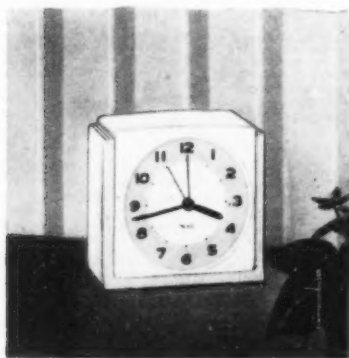
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## EDITORIAL

# OUR DOLLAR IS DOING FINE, THANKS

IT'S BEGINNING to look as though those impetuous souls who thought the recovery of the Canadian dollar was a good thing have branded themselves as economic illiterates. As an occasion for national rejoicing it seems the comeback of the buck rates right up there with the Rimouski fire, the Winnipeg flood and the foot-and-mouth epidemic. What this country needs is not a dollar that's worth 103 American cents or 105 American cents, but a dollar worth around ninety American cents (and if the hotel clerk in Kansas City throws it back in your face, so much the better).

For this lesson in finance, and in the proper aspirations of our country, we are indebted in part to some of the nation's leading industrialists and in greater part to the proprietors of its tourist business. Certain exporters who sell heavily in the United States used to find it highly profitable to sell Canadian goods for an American dollar, that was worth an extra nickel or an extra dime, but now that the American dollar has moved to a discount position they've lost this tidy windfall and a few cents besides. Hotelkeepers, resort owners and others who cater to the American tourist never profited in this precise way from the unfavorable exchange rate on Canadian money, but it made the tourist feel good and therefore it brought more tourists.

Most Canadians will be quite prepared to sympathize with these two important groups and to concede that the Canadian dollar's sickeningly abrupt return to health has created genuine problems for them. Provided all they want is sympathy, they can have all they want. If they want relief—as some of the wounded utterances of some very important men in both fields have suggested they might—they would do well to understand that relief cannot and must not come at the expense of the Canadian dollar and the Canadian public.

If Canadian exporters find themselves selling goods at a loss in the United States the solution is to raise their prices to the American consumer, not to ask the Canadian public to absorb the loss by devaluing its currency by artificial means.

We're aware of the argument that the prices of many basic commodities are fixed by law in the U. S. and that relief, if it's needed, may not be easy to get. We repeat, nevertheless, that this is a problem between the buyer and the seller. This prosperous nation has never asked for charity from the U. S. and we're reasonably sure that the prosperous U. S. doesn't want charity from us. For Canada to depreciate its currency so that certain Canadian producers can continue to sell in the U. S. at U. S. prices would be for the Canadian people to offer a handout to the American people.

The tourist problem is another problem between the buyer and the seller. If the American tourist will get less for his money this year, the reason isn't that what he's buying has gone up but that what he's buying *with* has gone down. If our tourist industry lacks the self-respect to explain this to its American clients, politely and clearly, then it betrays the peasant complex too apparent in it already and deserves what it gets.

Wherever Canada is going, this magazine earnestly hopes it will never fall into the dismal error of marking the mileposts with dollar signs. For our part, we felt no wild impulse to break out the flag on that historic day when the Canadian dollar hit \$1.01 on the New York Exchange. Still, it did not occur to us to call for a day of national mourning either. Our first reflection was the quiet sober thought that what little money most individual Canadians have managed to save was worth a little more; that the very great amount of wealth we've just begun to tap as a nation was worth a little more; and that if we'll use the excess with prudence and humility it can help to build a better life for us Canadians and for those of other nations who so desperately need our protection and our help.

We still feel that way. We'll need a lot of convincing that a healthy Canadian dollar can ever be an unhealthy thing for Canada. And we'll need a lot of convincing that any Canadian enterprise whose prosperity depends on selling Canada short has any claim on the nation's assistance when things go wrong for it.

## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



**MARJORIE EARL**, who writes about the Queen's dress-maker on page 10, is a Canadian newspaper-woman from Winnipeg and Toronto, now living in London. . . . Twenty original paintings of Maclean's covers, including the work of Oscar Cahen, Rex Woods, William Winter, A. J. Casson, Mel Crawford and Alex McLaren, are on tour of western Canada

Franklin Arbuckle, whose work is also represented in the touring collection, painted this issue's cover near Les Ebolements, a village on the river road between Baie St. Paul and Pointe au Pic, Que. "I have spent many lazy afternoons here propped against a rock watching the white whales sporting below when I should have been sketching," says Arbuckle. . . . **Earle Beattie**, the author of the Flashback on the Winnipeg general strike (page 16), is on the staff of

the school of journalism at the Ryerson Institute, Toronto. . . . The **Clyde Gilmour** who writes about the giant twins on page 20 is the same man who does our regular movie column (page 24) and voices his opinions on films Sunday afternoons over the CBC on the program *Critically Speaking*; day-by-day he's the well-known movie columnist of the Vancouver Sun. . . . **Ian Sclanders**, who writes about St. John's on page 18, will have other stories garnered on a recent trip to the island province in early issues.

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Cover: Painted by Franklin Arbuckle

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1952





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*for*

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druff! You bet! And dandruff is  
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ing is alleviated and your scalp feels  
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## LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Mary's head rolled when the first Elizabeth signed the death warrant.

## THE SCOTS CAN'T FORGET PRETTY MARY

ON June the second next year,  
Queen Elizabeth will be  
crowned in Westminster  
Abbey. Once more we shall gaze  
upon the genius of the English for  
pageantry and hear the trumpets  
proclaim yet another coronation in  
England's long story. I am aware  
that I have used the word "England"  
but have done so deliberately. As we  
say in parliament, "That point will  
be dealt with later."

If all goes well we shall see that  
grand old lady Queen Mary in a place  
of honor. We shall share the joy and  
the sadness of the Queen Mother. As  
for the Queen herself we shall wait  
for that supreme moment when the  
Archbishop of Canterbury will turn  
to the north, the west, the south and  
the east, declaring to each that this  
is our undoubted Queen, and four  
times will come the vibrant answer:  
"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

Somewhere in the proceedings the  
scholars of Westminster School will  
shout: "Vivat Vivat Regina Eliza-  
beth!" When the Queen ascends the  
three steps in the chancel a sweep  
of strings and a choral outburst will  
lift her on the wings of music. Even  
the assembled peers will place the  
coronets on their heads as if a stage  
manager were directing them.

How do I know all this? Because  
I saw the coronation of King George  
VI and Queen Elizabeth and, if the  
gods are kind, I shall see the cor-  
onation of Queen Elizabeth II.

There is only one shadow on this  
happy picture and I regret to state  
that it comes from Scotland. Just  
now the protesting Scots are being  
comparatively quiet but I predict  
that when coronation year comes  
into being the trouble from the north  
will start up again.

I am well aware that a great num-  
ber of Maclean's readers are of Scot-  
tish origin. The name "Maclean,"  
itself, has the very whiff of the  
Highlands. My wife is a MacIntosh

and even the Baxters were supposed  
to have come from Stirling, although  
there is more legend than certainty  
about that. Therefore it is with  
some diffidence, in fact with some  
apprehension, that I embark upon  
this letter from London for I intend  
to speak of the Scot with perhaps less  
reverence than is customary.

The Scot is an honest man. In  
my youth when I sold pianos on  
credit in Toronto we made private  
enquiries before delivering the instru-  
ment. If the customer's name was  
Baldwin we felt fairly confident but  
still looked into it. If his name was  
O'Brien we made certain that his  
Celtic enthusiasm for music had not  
outstripped his capacity to meet the  
payments. If his name was Mac-  
Pherson we just delivered the piano.

In the Scots we are presented with  
a race sturdily and basically honest.  
Yet there is a strange romanticism  
about the Scottish people that leads  
them to deceive themselves. Let me  
give an example.

Many years ago I spoke at the  
annual dinner of the Caledonian So-  
ciety of London with W. S. Morrison  
(now the Speaker of the House of  
Commons) as the principal guest.  
There was a choir of London Scots  
who sang about the Hebrides and the  
longing of exiled Scots for the High-  
lands. There was hardly a dry eye.  
Then Morrison addressed them, the  
subject of his address being "Per-  
severance" which, in his rich brogue,  
he pronounced "pairsevoirance."

You might have thought Morrison  
had spent the years climbing a lonely  
road, struggling on without a word  
of encouragement or any recognition.  
Yet he had hardly entered parlia-  
ment before he was made a minister  
and was being touted as a future  
prime minister.

There was the immortal toast to  
Burns, the bringing in of the haggis,  
the swirling of the pipes and the  
presentation Continued on page 52



## BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

### *By-Election Blues*

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

**W**IN, lose or draw, all three parties will be glad last Monday's by-elections are over. They've been a headache.

Progressive Conservatives thought at first the headaches were all their own, maliciously induced by Machiavellian Grits. After all, only two of the six contests were caused by the deaths of sitting members. The other four followed appointments of Liberals to the Bench, the lieutenant-governorship of Ontario, and the leadership of the Ontario Liberal Party.

"Last year we won five out of five by-elections," a glum Tory remarked last month. "This year the Grits had to arrange a little landslide of their own, to prove the tide had turned again."

But the PCs were soon elated to realize they'd been wrong. There may have been some such ulterior motive in the opening up of Gloucester, N.B., which last went Conservative in 1896. But in the other ridings, safely Liberal though most of them looked, the Grits expected trouble and got it.

Ontario (the riding, not the province) was the worst. In the Parliamentary Guide it looks like a Liberal stronghold, never lost to the Liberal Party in five consecutive general elections. In fact, however, it has never been a safe seat (the CCF took it in a by-election in 1948) and it has never been less safe than it is now.

This is the seat vacated by Walter C. Thomson when he assumed the Liberal leadership of Ontario. Thomson took a shellacking in the Ontario provincial election last November, to the surprise of practically nobody. His own riding had formed

the same opinion of him long before, according to the scouts of all parties. Liberals feared, during the campaign, that this opinion had been extended to the Liberal Party generally. Privately, a month ago, they were ranking the Liberal third among the three candidates in Ontario.

They gave first place to the Progressive Conservative candidate, who is mayor of Oshawa and a prominent figure in the United Auto Workers. Privately, the CCF did the same. Only the Progressive Conservatives seemed to doubt their man's chances of winning, but their doubts were considerable. No party, in short, was enjoying itself in Ontario riding.

Roberval, Que., was not opened because the Grits considered it entirely safe. Not at all. Even in the Liberal landslide of 1949, the anti-Liberal vote exceeded the Liberal by one hundred and ten. If the Progressive Conservatives had managed to get the candidate they originally hoped for, Liberals would have been really afraid of losing Roberval. As it is they think they've won, but they're not lusty about it.

Why, then, did they open the seat at all? Mr. Justice J. A. Dion, the ex-MP, had been in parliament less than two terms. He didn't seem entitled to a lifetime job on the Superior Court Bench. Why isn't he still in parliament?

The answer is quite simple. Dion was appointed Deputy Speaker of the Commons in Sept. 1949. It was not until later that the Government discovered his command of English was not equal to that extremely taxing job. He'd been a good MP and gives every indication of being a good judge, but he was not a good deputy speaker. If *Continued on page 50*



Cartoon by Grassick

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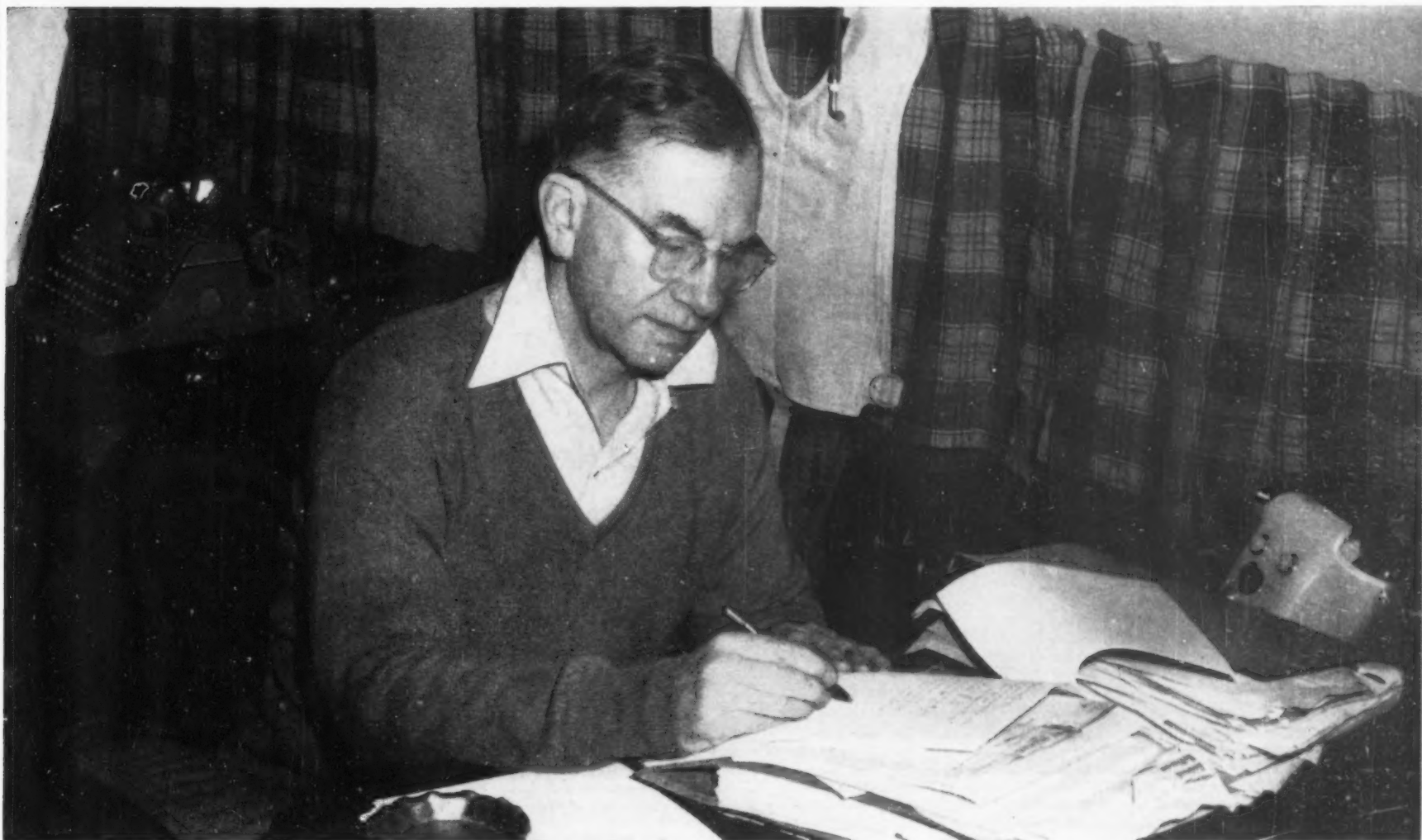
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The Defense Minister works through the night as the RCAF transport plane bringing him home from Korea prepares to make a landing at Wake Island.

# THE CABINET MINISTER WHO NEVER SLEEPS

By BLAIR FRASER  
MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Brooke Claxton, a former gunner, has at various times been under heavy fire from the Press, the Opposition and enemies within his own defense department. Through these barrages he continues to work an eight-hour night in addition to an eight-hour day

AT ELEVEN o'clock one evening last August Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defense, left the Ottawa Country Club where he had been host at a state dinner for U. S. General Omar Bradley. He drove to Rockcliffe Airport and took off for Washington, to a conference on standardization of arms and ammunition.

Claxton spent the flight time briefing himself on the technical subject matter of the conference. He got to the Shoreham Hotel at four a.m. and went to bed, leaving a call for seven.

That morning he ate three breakfasts—one alone, one with French Defense Secretary Jules Moch and the third with Frank Pace, U. S. Secretary of the Army. By that time he felt adequately posted for the conference itself which opened at ten and went on until five, with a short break for lunch.

Claxton had to go to a reception, so he called a meeting of the Canadian delegation in his hotel room and presided at it while he showered, shaved and dressed. At six-thirty he went off to be one of the guests of honor at a party for eight hundred people.

He got away shortly after eight, had dinner with his staff and then returned to the hotel to work on the Canadian presentation to the conference. The staff knocked off at three a.m., leaving Claxton still at work. He was up and dressed when they came back at seven-thirty to continue the discussion during breakfast.

Another conference day was followed by another cocktail party, this time at the Canadian Embassy with Claxton again a guest of honor. He left at seven-thirty to fly back to Ottawa, getting home at one a.m. At nine a.m. he was back at the airport to take off for Edmonton, where he joined Prime

Minister St. Laurent on a tour of western military establishments.

According to his staff, who regard him with mixed feelings of affection, exasperation and awe, this was a fairly typical Claxton excursion. In a normal year he will be away from home on business more than one hundred nights, make two hundred speeches, attend one hundred and fifty meetings in fifty-odd places and travel forty thousand miles. Last year he traveled eighty thousand, but that includes a trip to Korea which ran over into 1952. It's not unusual for him to go a week or ten days without once sleeping in the same bed twice.

When National Defense fails to provide reasons for staying up half the night Claxton invents them. One day last month he took off for Toronto at noon. His schedule called for two receptions, two speeches, one inspection tour of an aircraft plant and a return flight to Ottawa the same night. Claxton got through on time, but meanwhile fog had come down on Ottawa's airports and grounded him in Toronto overnight with nothing to do.

This news became definite about midnight. Claxton invited two aides to his suite for a nightcap and they talked about various problems until three-thirty. When they left, Claxton was fishing in his brief case for the detective story his secretary had bought for him before he left Ottawa. (He takes one each night, like a sleeping pill.)

The two officials were back at seven-forty-five. Claxton, already dressed, was looking with distaste at the detective story. "A waste of money," he said. "One of the dullest mysteries I've ever read."

When Claxton took over National Defense in 1947 he commissioned Walter Gordon, a business consultant, to do a survey of the department and suggest changes in its organization. Gordon and Claxton had been personal friends for years, but Gordon found the assignment somewhat trying. He would frequently start a working day at a normal hour, progress through a whirl of conferences, parties and more conferences until midnight, then find Claxton ready to settle down for a couple of hours' serious work.

In his report, Gordon recommended among other things that the minister should reorganize himself and his working day. Some of the other suggestions were adopted, but that one was ignored.

Claxton has had several executive assistants during his five years at National Defense, all of them war veterans in good physical shape and most of them his junior by twenty years or more. But none of these hardy young men can keep up with the minister for more than a few days at a time. Claxton, who will be fifty-four in August, has been maintaining the same high-powered pace without

visible ill effect since before World War One.

When he was eighteen he was quartermaster-sergeant of the second McGill Siege Battery, then training in Montreal, and the mothers of even younger children who had enlisted in his unit would ask Claxton to take care of their sons.

"You know Bill," they would say. "You know he's only fifteen, for all he's so big and of course he's lied about his age. Do look after him, won't you?"

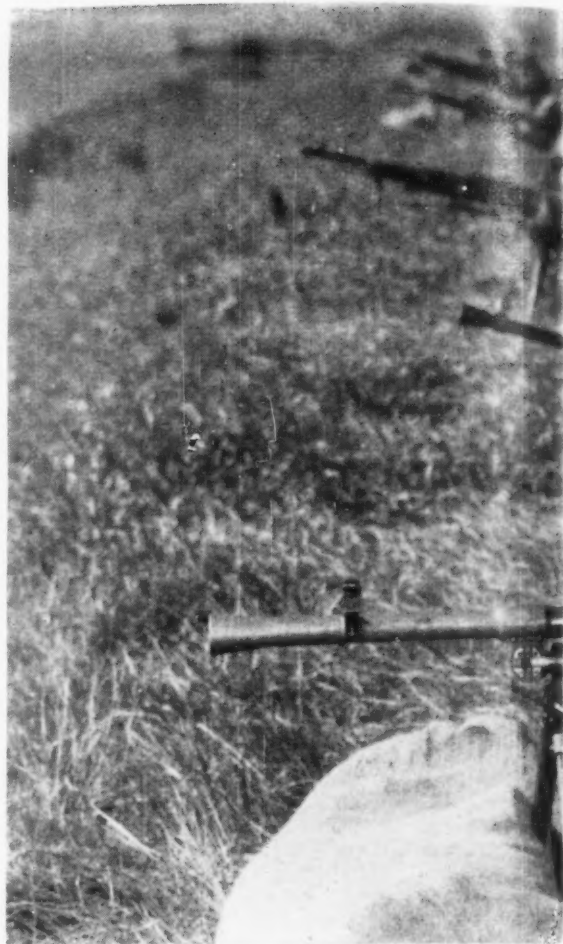
Claxton took these injunctions quite literally. Each midnight he would check the dormitories in the McGill Union and invariably he'd find some youngster wasn't in. Claxton would then set out to find him, combing the nearby beer halls until he located the truant and escorted him back. He often found on returning from these expeditions that some other young recruit would have taken advantage of his absence to sneak down the fire escape, whereupon Claxton would repeat the operation. He didn't get much sleep himself.

Actually Sergeant Claxton was already a qualified and commissioned officer who had been posted to the second battalion, Victoria Rifles. However, this unit was assigned to home duty and Claxton had spent the later months of 1916 guarding Victoria Bridge, a task he found uncongenial. When Sir Stopford Brunton got permission to raise a second McGill Siege Battery, Claxton gave up his commission for a place in the ranks.

It must have been a strange unit. Almost all the McGill recruits would now be rated as officer material and a good many, like Claxton, were officers already who had given up their commissions. George Bourke, now president of the Sun Life Assurance Company and then a recent honor graduate in mathematics and physics, was a sergeant—he and Claxton, together with Arthur Terroux of Montreal, were the three "charter members" who helped Sir Stopford organize the battery. Arthur Irwin, National Film Board Commissioner and former editor of this magazine, was a gunner. So was A. C. Casselman, now Progressive Conservative whip in the House of Commons and even then a graduate lawyer who gave up his practice to enlist.

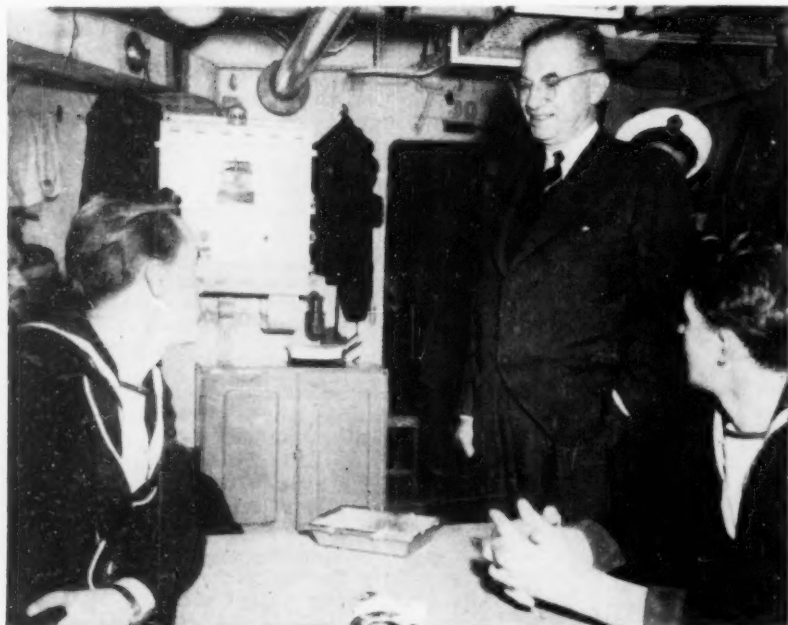
In England the young college-trained recruits were reinforced by combat veterans who were mostly Cape Breton miners and New Brunswick lumberjacks. The two elements turned out to be unexpectedly congenial—Claxton's closest friends, a little group of chronic poker players, included Casselman and a couple of other university men, a Glace Bay miner, a milkman and a plumber.

The commanding officer, apparently chosen, because he was a Montrealer with combat experience, was an ex-foreman from the CNR shops who told



the battery on its first parade that university men were a worthless lot and that he intended to prove it to them. Perhaps for this reason, the battery undertook to prove the opposite.

Today, veterans' memories of the 10th Siege Battery tend to vary according to the veteran's temperament. Claxton, whose instinct is to regard anything to which he belongs as the best in the world, recalls that the battery had the best ball team, the best boxer, the best tug-of-war team (beaten only once, by the undefeated London Metropolitan Police) as well as the fastest and most accurate gun crews in the whole Canadian



In the seamen's mess aboard Cayuga. He chats with AB Jack Grant of Vancouver, left. The minister was aboard the Canadian ship off Korea.



In the line overseas. Brigadier Rockingham, next to the minister, was his guide on a visit to the bearded fighting men of the 25th Brigade.





Claxton fires a burst from a Bren gun during a visit to the Second Battalion Princess Pats in training, while Sergeant M. W. Norman looks on.

Army, which in turn was better than any other army. Other veterans say the McGill battery was a sloppy, peevish, ill-disciplined outfit which regarded its own officers as incompetent nincompoops and which performed its duties in a continuous mood of unconcealed resentment. Both schools agree, however, the 10th Siege Battery was a formidable fighting unit.

When Claxton was in Korea last winter one of the forward batteries put on an artillery demonstration for him. He clocked the interval between determination of target and firing of the first round—fifty-five seconds. Claxton told the battery

commander that this was precisely the time his outfit had achieved under combat conditions in France thirty-four years before.

Like all the home-front NCOs Claxton reverted to the rank of private on reaching England, then worked his way up again. He was sergeant in charge of a gun crew (best gun crew in the Canadian Army, he believes) when they went to France. For the last few months of the war he was battery sergeant-major.

Claxton was never wounded but he got a name for attracting enemy fire. "We got to be superstitious about it," said one of his mates. "We'd

see Brooke coming and we'd holler 'Stay away from here.' Any place he went, Fritz would drop a shell and somebody'd be killed."

Others were glad to see him anyway—several remember being buried by shellfire and having Claxton dig them out. He won the Distinguished Conduct Medal (second highest decoration available to noncommissioned ranks) for no single act of heroism but for doing a cool competent job during long periods under fire.

After the Armistice Claxton decided he hadn't time to finish the Arts course he'd begun at McGill before enlisting. He

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In the air with the jets. Claxton, at the bottom of the ladder, gets ready to go flying with the Air Force during the exercise Sweetbriar.



In Lisbon for NATO talks. Left to right, behind Claxton, are General Foulkes and Lester Pearson with Admiral de Bettencourt, of Portugal.

# TROUBLES OF A ROYAL DRESS DESIGNER

By MARJORIE EARL



Impeccable taste is revealed in the décor of Amies' flat, his own wardrobe.

When an ex-hardware salesman named Hardy Amies designed a stunning gown for a society bride it caught the eye of a queen-to-be. Now every woman wants to know what the Queen will wear and Amies finds it's no cinch to be custodian of the Greatest Secret in the Realm



An energetic tennis player, Amies, now forty, took up game seriously in 1950.

The Queen's clothes begin as austere diagrams on Amies' drawing board. Then a trial cloth draft is made. Here the Amies party leaves for a royal fitting. From left: saleswoman, fitter, Amies, tailor, commissionaire, girl helper. The Queen is always patient during the fittings.





**H**ARDY AMIES, the Queen's new dressmaker, is a buoyant, handsome, youthful-looking man of forty who counts himself lucky that he was born a diplomat. In less than a year upon the pinnacle of British dress designing he has learned that running a business after royalty has bestowed the accolade of its custom calls for more ways to parry a question than the Communists use to perpetuate peace talks.

To make the Queen's dresses is an ambition which burns in the breast of every successful British designer. It was realized for Amies last June when he was suddenly summoned to Clarence House and asked by Princess Elizabeth to design some of the clothes for her tour of Canada. Since then his star has shone brighter than any other in the firmament of British *haute couture*, his name has surged into international headlines and the telephone in his public relations department has been buzzing continuously with queries he cannot answer. But the position has not been without its hazards.

Long before June, Amies was fighting for position at the top of the heap. His ascent was effected by the excellence of his product, an appreciation of both business and female curves and a thorough understanding of the value of publicity.

He is the only member of London's Big Ten, otherwise known as the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, who is the business as well as the artistic brains of his house and he is the only one to employ a press agent. He has about three thousand customers who pay anything up to a thousand dollars for a garment with his name in it and some who spend nearly ten thousand in a year. He is the nation's biggest dollar exporter of custom-made clothing and says his objective is to make his fashions "sexy without being obvious." He has ten scrapbooks of press clippings which relate the history of his climb to the top. But now the Press can hurl him from the heights if he isn't careful what he says.

He hasn't yet got an unassailable foothold. The final stamp of approval is the granting of a royal warrant. This gives a trader the coveted privilege of using the words "by appointment to" and reproducing the coat of arms of his royal customer. Normally three years of faultless service are required before a royal warrant is granted. It is obtained upon application to the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, which regulates closely the issue and tenure of warrants. Amies has been supplying the Queen for less than a year and then only when she was heir apparent and did not have the sovereign's prerogative of granting warrants. Now that she is Queen it is believed she may confer these honors without regard to the three-year limit, possibly about

*Continued on page 54*



Amies watches Maud Beard, royal fitter, at work behind-scenes in his Savile Row shop. At right: Queen Elizabeth wore this Amies coat in Toronto during royal tour last year.



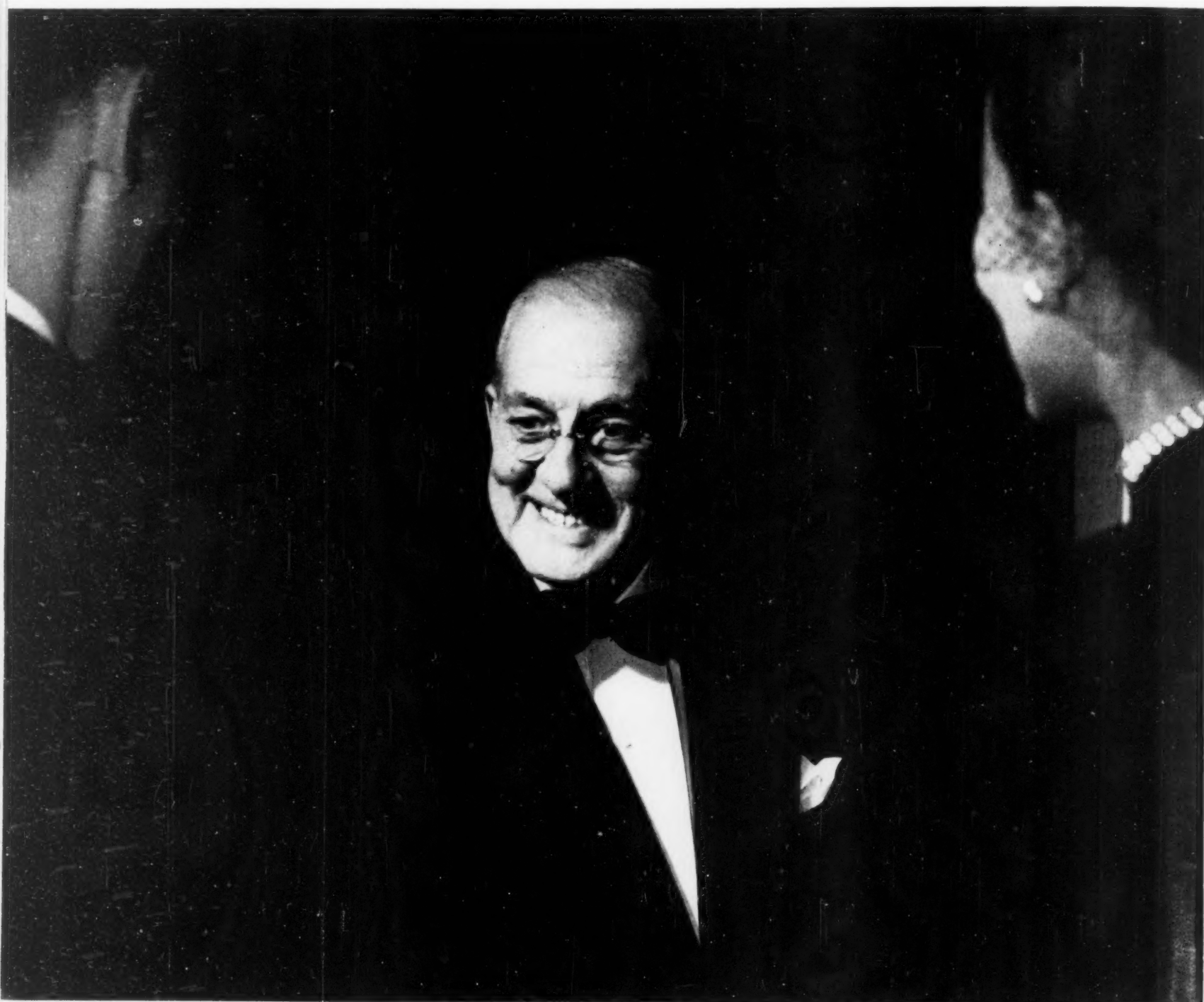
# VICTOR *of the* NORMANDIE

If you dine in Montreal's Normandie Room, Victor the headwaiter will file your name and your food fancies in his amazing memory along with

Wilfrid Laurier,  
Anna Held,  
Harry Lauder,  
Diamond Jim Brady  
and a few assorted murderers

By KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY MAX SAUER



Victor greets patrons at the café entrance in the Mount Royal. Once he found the Duke of Windsor waiting there with fifteen guests; there wasn't a table empty.



WHEN AN old patron brings guests to the Normandie Room of the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal a pleasant little ceremony usually takes place as he introduces them to Victor, the gravely smiling and dignified *maitre d'hôtel* who has presided over that stylish room for the last thirty years. So, one recent evening when a Mr. Boynton walked in with five male guests, the usual ceremony took place and Victor escorted the party to Mr. Boynton's usual table. The next day about six o'clock, as Victor came on duty, the reservations phone rang. Victor lifted the receiver. "Is Victor there?" a voice enquired. "It is Victor speaking, Mr. Rankin," the *maitre d'hôtel* replied. "How are you, sir?"

In the next hour, among dozens of calls, the other four guests of Mr. Boynton were just as promptly identified as they called. That evening Boynton returned with his friends. He handed Victor a hundred-dollar bill. "That is your share of the winnings, Victor," he said. "I bet five hundred dollars you would recognize three out of the five voices. You named them all correctly."

"It is part of our usual service, sir," Victor replied as he escorted the group to their table of the previous evening.

This was the only occasion, however, on which Victor participated directly in the winnings that have been made by similar astute Normandie Room patrons upon the fabulous memory for names and voices that is part of Victor's equipment.

There was Mr. Martin, of Sault Ste. Marie, who stayed for three weeks at the Mount Royal Hotel early in the Thirties. He dined at the Normandie each night and each night he always had a cup of coffee before he ordered his meal. Eight years later he returned to the hotel. Victor saw him stepping out of the elevator and gave a quick order to a waiter. "Good evening, Mr. Martin," he greeted the surprised guest. "How have you been, sir?" They exchanged the usual amenities as Victor turned the guest over to a captain who conducted him to the table he had occupied eight years before. The waiter was just placing coffee at the table.

"What is this?" Martin demanded.

"Coffee, sir," the waiter replied.

"Who ordered it?" the mystified guest enquired.

"Mr. Victor, sir," the waiter explained impassively.

Martin later congratulated Victor.

"It is just part of our usual service, sir," came the disclaimer. "I hope you enjoyed your meal."

But something considerably more than "usual service" is provided by Victor Prevost. The phenomenal memory for names and voices which embraces, according to Victor's own estimate, the full names and some knowledge about more than eight thousand patrons, is accompanied by a great urbanity of manner and no less phenomenal tact. With a discreet question or two he can discover unobtrusively the kind of meal the guest would best enjoy and place him near the floor show or in a quiet corner according to the mood and nature of the occasion. He possesses a chef's knowledge of food yet he never intimidates a guest with that knowledge, using it only when he thinks it is required to make a good meal better.

Thus, he will discreetly suggest that the broccoli with potatoes *au gratin* may prove too starchy, and he will never plan dessert for a gathering of businessmen because he knows that men rarely eat a dessert and hate to see wasted food. Similarly he knows women usually avoid soups in the erroneous belief they are fattening. On the other hand he warns his waiters never to ask a woman while serving her: "Is that enough?" She will invariably say yes, no matter how small the quantity, whereas if she is silently served a generous portion she will usually eat it.

Victor, in his dinner jacket with the turn-down collar which he favors, is the first person you are likely to see on approaching the Normandie Room any time between six in the evening and two the next morning. In all his years at the Normandie or in the eighteen years before that when he worked in other restaurants Victor has never been off the job a day, except during the three weeks in the early fall when he takes advantage of a lull in business to go on his annual holiday.

This remarkable devotion to duty is no devotion in Victor's eyes for the simple reason that he has never considered any other activity more interesting. He says: "The moment I walk through the hotel entrance I feel my senses becoming more acute. My memory comes alive."

Born Victor Romeo Prevost at St. Vincent de Paul, on the outskirts of Montreal, he started his commercial life delivering parcels for a store at \$1.25 a week. When he had saved a bare minimum of money he set out for New York City to carve a career in catering. He was sixteen. He quickly landed his first job, at the newly opened Astor Hotel, as a busboy. After six months he became a waiter in room service and fifteen months after that was promoted to scrub captain, who supervises dining-room settings.

While he was a waiter in room service Victor looked after a luncheon for ten people in the suite of James Jeffries, the former world's heavyweight boxing champion. The check came to eighty dollars and Jeffries gave Victor a hundred-dollar bill and said: "Keep the change."

Victor walked out of the room with the bill and then came back and spoke to Jeffries, "The check was only eighty dollars, sir."

"I know," said Jeffries, "but I've had good service. You're a nice boy. It's for you."

Victor knew he had chosen the right career.

The brokerage firm of Post and Flagg was then on the mezzanine floor of the Astor, and Victor often served lunches there for Florenz Ziegfeld, Diamond Jim Brady, theatrical manager Charles Frohman, musical-comedy star Richard Carle, names which, in the first decade of this century, gave New York so much of its glitter.



Victor has trained thousands of waiters, insists that they be sharp enough to answer guests' questions intelligently. Chef Lucien Baraud co-operates fully.

He also remembers serving a quiet-spoken woman who always had her meals in her room and always left a dollar tip. She was a Mrs. Lambert, who was being widely sought by the police for a series of murders involving husbands and insurance. But Victor didn't realize that until after she was arrested. "There was a big reward out for her, too," he says sadly.

He served Harry Lauder, his wife and his brother-in-law for three seasons. "He was very Scottish," Victor recalls. He remembers David Belasco as an austere silent man with an immense bow tie and a black hat. George M. Cohan was always happy, always with a big grin. Elsie Janis, Anna Held, Maude Adams were often at the Frohman parties.

When his day was finished at midnight Victor and other young waiters used to go across to the fashionable restaurant of the day, Rectors, at 44th and Broadway, and look for Diamond Jim Brady who always had his supper there around two. Brady liked the company of young people and, though he never smoked or drank, he entertained them and bought them cigarettes. He was often there with Lillian Russell.

"He had diamond vest buttons, diamonds in his cane, in his tie, and in his pockets. He carried money in every pocket, a different denomination in each," Victor recalls.

Victor mustered up courage one day to ask Diamond Jim about this. "People are always asking me for money," Brady explained. "On Second Avenue I reach into the pocket with the one-dollar bills. On Fifth Avenue they rate a five."

Victor was considered quite a Beau Brummell by the other waiters. "My main extravagance was clothes," he admits. "But never flashy. Even today I like to spend money on clothes."

Victor's wardrobe today includes eighteen pairs of black shoes, sixteen suits (he never wears the same one more than twice in a month), fifteen sports jackets with slacks to match and one hundred and fifty black silk knitted ties, knit especially for him. He never wears any other type or color of tie.

When he was a waiter in New York Victor smoked American Beauties cigarettes at five cents a pack. He now smokes a dozen cigars a day and a pipe.

In 1909 he went back to Montreal to marry Alice Delorme, his childhood sweetheart, and the couple returned to New York. But the trip had made him homesick. In 1912 he returned to Montreal as a captain in the Windsor Hotel dining room.

There Victor remained for ten years, serving

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"Are you hurt?" asked a female voice.  
She was very lovely in a fragile way.





Sir Timothy thought  
he had made a conquest  
on the Champs-Elysees.  
He was both right and wrong  
and the dividend  
he won left him  
more puzzled than ever

By ALBERT LEFEVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY NELL WILSON

SIR ENOCH BELLINGWAY died at the most inappropriate moment of his life, about half a year after the end of the First World War. As head of the C.M.K. Gold Trust, one of the Big Six of South African gold mining, it would have been his task to convince investors in England and on the Continent that there was sufficient gold in the Orange Free State to elevate the purchase of shares in his companies from a gamble to an investment.

This role now fell to his thirty-year-old son, Sir Timothy Bellingway, a young man of great promise in playing polo and climbing the social ladder, and with a commendable career in the Royal Flying Corps, but in financial matters unspoiled by either experience or knowledge. That is why his first visit overseas, in his official capacity as head of the trust, was looked upon with apprehension by his Johannesburg associates.

"Next to England," lectured Brandon van Hulsteyn, the senior director of the trust, "France is the market we depend upon most. In London you will have the guidance of our local directorate who will help you in preparing your speeches and your statements to the newspapers. You needn't be overcareful. You may even admit that the new goldfields have not yet been proved beyond doubt. The British investor is fond of a little uncertainty. Anything more easily predictable than the Lincolnshire Handicap bears to him the stamp of a gilt-edged security. It's France I'm worried about. The French do not like to lose. Not even winnings make them forget their losses. Unless you can convince them of our absolute solidity we don't stand a chance with them. And they judge by their eyes. The most plausible prospectus will be lost on them unless you impress them by your personality."

The visit to London came off excellently. With his good memory Tim Bellingway managed to make the speeches written for him sound as if they were his own. At the final dinner of industrialists he gained sufficient courage to improvise a few sentences.

"We're going all out," he said before beginning the final paragraph. "We want to show better results than even on the Witwatersrand. If our geologists are correct—and we have every reason to think they are—we might find values beyond our most optimistic estimates."

In France it was altogether different from the beginning. Left to himself Tim felt by no means certain of success. Perhaps it was his memories of the year spent in Paris as an officer during the war, perhaps it was the sprightly green of the Paris parks that made Tim feel he could have put a few weeks in the French capital to a much less melancholy use than he would be doing as representative of the C.M.K. Trust, as their exponent of conservative finance.

He realized it had been a mistake to lodge at the Grand Hotel next to the Opéra. Not that he was overcome by the elegance of the Parisians—there was all too little left of that. But as he walked along the Champs-Elysées it seemed to him that a conspiracy was under way to tempt him into forgetting the purpose of his prosaic visit. *Midinettes* exchanged smiles with the stranger without restraint. Tim had to remind himself of the promise he had given before his departure from Johannesburg. "I'm not prepared," he had said to Van Hulsteyn, "to regard my private life as a perpetual asset of the trust. On the other hand I do realize the importance of this trip and I promise you need have no sleepless nights. Neither will I."

The first two days were full of engagements with the newspapers, official agents and brokers and the stock exchange committee; on the third, a Saturday, Tim was left to himself during the day.

He slept until lunch, had a steak at the Grand Hotel dining room, and spent the afternoon looking through his papers. That evening, he knew, was the all-important function of his Paris sojourn, a dinner party given by Baron de Monchadot, the banker. He had been warned that he might have to answer many questions. His father, had he been alive, could have rattled off

*Continued on page 36*

Nell Wilson

# The Strike that Terrified

The Winnipeg general strike splashed blood and bitterness across the changing face of Canada and thousands feared its final goal was anarchy. The nation jailed its leaders, but later gave them high honors in labor and in politics

By EARLE BEATTIE

THIRTY-THREE years ago, long before most people had ever heard of Joseph Stalin, thousands of Canadians were fear-stricken for six uneasy weeks in the belief that Bolsheviks, boring from within, had captured their third largest city of Winnipeg and were preparing to take over the whole country.

"The Great Dream of the Winnipeg Soviet," as the Winnipeg Free Press called it, centred in a unique general sympathetic strike in 1919 when almost the whole working force of Winnipeg quit work on two days' notice, paralyzing industries and stirring labor unrest across Canada. The Manitoba capital became an armed camp with two opposing forces: on one side were the strikers allied with thousands of ex-servicemen and sympathizers; on the other were the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand, the "Citizens' Army," special police (volunteers) and "loyalist soldiers" equipped with a grab bag of weapons ranging from baseball bats to machine guns.

The strikers conflicted with their own parent union body and three governments—city, provincial and federal—but managed to lay down an internal siege of Winnipeg that was peaceful and disciplined until unexpectedly mixed with the explosive ferment of home-coming soldiers. Then came the crackdown on strike leaders, the Market Square riot of June 21 with two killed and scores injured, and the long dramatic court trials.

Left behind was a legacy of bitterness, still felt in Winnipeg, and a debatable question: was the strike part of a Communist plot to take over Canada for the world revolution, as the court established, or just a mass walkout to dramatize grievances?

Ten men were accused of being involved in the Red plot. A brilliant, motley group they included two Winnipeg aldermen, John Queen and A. A. Heaps; two clergymen, J. S. Woodsworth and William Ivens; an MLA, Fred Dixon; two machinists, R. B. Russell and R. J. Johns; a carpenter, George Armstrong; a butcher, R. E. Bray; and a building tradesman, William Pritchard.

Seven of them were convicted and sent to prison for terms ranging from six months to two years. All, however, emerged within a year to the enthusiastic hosannas of thousands and led remarkable careers. John Queen later became mayor of Winnipeg for seven terms, and was also an MLA. J. S. Woodsworth, who was charged with seditious libel, became Winnipeg North Centre's MP from then until his death and first national leader of the CCF, his political fortune greatly enhanced by the strike. Most of the others attained political office or prominence in the labor movement.

Whether the ten accused conspired with revolutionary intent or not they were stars in one of the oddest political-economic dramas ever enacted in Canada. The strike itself was only the climax; a score of grievances, postwar nerves and dreams of a better world were in the background. In 1918-19

Canadian workers faced an upsurge in prices with deep anxiety; union statistics showed the cost of living had gone up seventy-five percent in the war years while in the building trades, for example, wages rose only eighteen percent. With war plants closing and servicemen returning home, unemployment grew. Workers tried to make their unions more secure as a safeguard, but were frustrated by the refusal of many employers to concede the principle of collective bargaining. As westerners they were further nettled by what they believed was a smug dominant attitude on the part of their own union leaders in eastern Canada.

Politically they deplored continued wartime restrictions on free speech and those with left-wing tendencies were further embittered by the fact that a number of pacifist and socialist friends of labor who had been interned for their pacifist views during the war had not yet been released. This yeasty situation was made the more potent by visions of a workers' paradise stirred by the Russian revolution, then only a year old. Many radical labor leaders believed capitalism was doomed and the day of proletarian power was at hand. And they were incensed at the Canadian government for sending troops to counter the revolution in its Russian birthplace.

This insecurity and discontent flared into strike after strike in the four western provinces during 1918 and 1919. On three separate occasions the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council voted in favor of a general strike, narrowly averted each time when the workers and their employers came to terms. "If necessary, a general strike of the whole Dominion would be called," declared the council's weekly organ, the Winnipeg Labor News, as the words "general strike" became like a drumbeat in the ears of western workers.

Riding herd on this discontent, and swept along with it, were the small group of socialist-labor leaders. They called two political meetings and two labor conventions, later cited in court as evidence of conspiracy. The first of these was held in Winnipeg's big ornate Walker Theatre three days before Christmas 1918 under sponsorship of the Socialist Party of Canada. Six of the ten indicted men played prominent roles there: Queen, Johns, Russell, Dixon, Armstrong and Ivens.

Hundreds thronged the galleries to hear or speak on the resolutions demanding, among other things, the release of wartime political prisoners, the withdrawal of troops from Russia and the lifting of restrictions on free speech. In the audience, too, was Sgt. F. E. Langdale, Winnipeg Military Intelligence, rapidly taking down such statements as Russell's, "Capitalism has come to a point where she is defunct and must disappear."

A similar meeting followed in Jan. 1919 at the Majestic Theatre where speakers castigated Press, pulpit and government. Its mood was expressed by the Western Labor News' editorial: "When the workers take control they will form a Dictatorship



which will give the same order to the owners of the world that Lenin gave to the capitalists of Russia: obey or starve!"

The flood level of western radicalism was reached at the Western Labor Conference, better known as the Calgary Convention, the last big labor rally to be held before the Winnipeg general strike. Numbering two hundred and thirty-nine delegates when the roll was called in Paget Hall, it was probably the largest gathering of western labor ever held up to that time. Out of its soaring oratory came the long-dreamed-of One Big Union, bringing Russell, Johns, Pritchard, Armstrong and their like-minded colleagues to the height of their power.



# All Canada

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



Two died, dozens were hurt in riots and charges on Winnipeg's Bloody Saturday, June 21, 1919. Note riderless horses.

They had worked hard to make the OBU dream a reality ever since Sept. 1918, when a Quebec convention of the Trades and Labor Council rejected resolutions put forward by Russell. These resolutions demanded the TLC change its structure from craft unionism to industrial unionism. Now, six months later, the rejected westerners were in control at Calgary and proceeded to set up a new union structure, the OBU.

It was to be a gigantic economic alliance of all workers in Canada, organized according to locality rather than trade, with some provision for bringing workers of individual industries together. Stemming from British industrial union ideas, the OBU

took Karl Marx's theory of the class struggle as its basic tenet. And it believed the general strike was the best weapon for working-class action. The delegates decided to ask all western unions to vote yes or no on joining the OBU. They also decided to hold a vote on a general strike to begin on June 1 if the six-hour day and other demands were not met.

Most delegates went home in a mood of triumph. On May 23 the OBU's first secretary, V. R. Midgley, announced that the vote for the One Big Union had gone overwhelmingly in its favor. But already the question of a strike had become academic. Winnipeg had jumped the gun. A general strike had clamped the city in an economic

vise a week before and reverberations were being heard from coast to coast.

It was a sympathy walkout to back up two strikes then in progress, one by building-trades workers and the other by metal workers who were seeking collective bargaining and higher pay. The metal workers wanted their Metal Trades Council recognized as bargaining agency. They also wanted workers in the contract shops (independent firms which filled contracts) paid as much as machinists working for the railways. They appealed to the Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council which called for a general strike vote among all unions. The result was eleven

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# North America's Oldest Boomtown

By IAN SCLANDERS

St. John's, Newfoundland, was a thriving port when New York City was a swamp. Today, after being burned three times, sacked by pirates, sabotaged by England and split by Confederation, it's more prosperous than ever



U.S. dollars pour into St. John's (Water Street, above). The Americans bring Santa Claus too. At wharves Water Street reverts to its ancient mold.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, a salty community with a weather-beaten but attractive face, a warm heart and a population of sixty-eight thousand, clings to the rocky rim of a snug harbor and looks out over the ocean. It's a seaport, a defense base, the capital of Canada's tenth province and North America's oldest and most easterly city.

So far out in the Atlantic that ships pass it when they are two fifths of the way from New York to Liverpool, it's a blend of the new world and the old but has a personality as distinctive as the flavor of its famous delicacy, seal-flipper pie. It speaks with a pleasant and inimitable accent, has the bluff good nature of a sailor, and relishes jokes like that of the resident who once advertised for a carpenter to shingle cows, to keep rain from diluting the milk.

It's where the cornerstone of Britain's overseas empire was laid, where the first trans-Atlantic wireless signal was received and where the first nonstop trans-Atlantic flight started, but its favorite stories are of such lesser events as a boat race and a fencing bee.

The race was won by eight mighty fishermen. They lived at Placentia and packed their heavy dory ninety miles to St. John's on their shoulders so they could compete. After their victory they lugged it back to Placentia.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral at St. John's, which seats six thousand, is a reminder of the fencing bee. When Bishop Anthony Fleming decided to build it, more than a century ago, all the unoccupied land was owned by the crown and

colonial authorities refused his request for a grant of nine acres. Fleming crossed to England by sailing vessel a dozen times to plead with them. He was finally told, with a laugh, that he could have the area he wanted if he could fence it to a height of six feet in a single hour. Whitehall officials believed they had assigned him an impossible task. But, on the date fixed for the fencing, everybody in St. John's—Protestants and Catholics alike—turned out to help the bishop. The nine acres were enclosed according to specifications in twenty minutes. The governor was there with his watch, witnessing the proceedings.

"These Newfoundlanders," he muttered with grudging admiration. "In a full hour, they could have fenced the whole damn city!"

Modest about most things, St. John's does a bit of boasting about its age, which can't be matched elsewhere in Canada or the United States. Its tourist literature announces casually that St. John's was an international port when New York was still a swamp. And any of its school children can tell you that Squantum, the Indian who greeted the Pilgrim Fathers in English when they reached Plymouth Rock, learned the language at far older St. John's.

They can also tell you that it was on June 24, 1497—just five years after the epic voyage of Christopher Columbus—that John Cabot, an Italian navigator with a commission from Henry VII, discovered Newfoundland.

When Cabot returned to England, where King Henry paid a reward of ten pounds to "hym that

found the new isle," he spread tales of fishing banks where the cod were so plentiful that they could be caught "with a basket." Adventurous fishermen, stirred by his reports, flocked to Newfoundland in 1498. Cabot hadn't exaggerated, and their harvest was tremendous.

As a rendezvous they used a fine sheltered harbor and they named it St. John's because Cabot had sighted Newfoundland on St. John's Day. Soon merchants had stores there, the English and Irish colonists established homes and gardens, and for decades St. John's was the chief seaport in North America. In 1583 when Queen Elizabeth sent Sir Humphrey Gilbert to reaffirm England's claim to Newfoundland—the first British colony—St. John's was already a town. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch fishermen called there for fresh food and drinking water, and strolled the winding paths and exchanged news in the grog shops in a babel of tongues.

In this ancient place, which has been sacked by pirates, destroyed by French raiders, ravaged by flames, the leading hotel and the central fire hall both stand on the ruins of forts.

A third fort, on a hill where the French were defeated in 1762 in their last major battle against the English on this continent, is now a green park. In this park, in 1901, Guglielmo Marconi picked up the first trans-Atlantic wireless signal—three dots, the letter S, flashed from Cornwall by his associate Poldhu. And not far from this spot is the field from which Alcock and Brown winged into the sky in





Behind its polish and porticoes hilly St. John's still has the bluff neighborliness of a fishing village. Traces of Elizabethan dialect still linger.

1919, in a biplane that looked like a kite, to make the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic.

Under the streets of St. John's are vaults used for three centuries for maturing Portugal's best wine, and the remains of a tunnel soldiers dug in early days so they would have an escape route.

History has left its mark on the rooftops, too. They bristle with oddly flamboyant clay chimney pots, which the houses wear jauntily, like decorations. And people remember that it was once illegal to have a chimney in Newfoundland. That was during the long night of oppression instigated by greedy West of England merchants in 1633. The merchants, who had a monopoly on the fish trade, feared competition from Newfoundland rivals. They persuaded Britain to regard the island as a "great ship moored near the (Grand) Banks for the convenience of English fishermen" and to persecute

the colonists, probably numbering two thousand for the entire island. The law against chimneys was intended to freeze settlers out. Those who risked their necks by breaking it shared their hearth with others and a chimney pot, in St. John's, became a badge of courage and a symbol of hospitality.

Britain's incredible attempt to depopulate Newfoundland failed, but the residents suffered while it lasted. Besides being deprived of the right to heat their homes, they were forbidden to cultivate land. And St. John's was the seat of a fantastic and tyrannical form of government—rule by "fishing admirals."

Each spring the captain of the first fishing vessel from England to drop anchor at St. John's proclaimed himself "admiral" for that season. The skipper of the second was "vice-admiral," and that of the third was "rear admiral." Ignorant, often

brutal, these men acted as administrators and judges and were empowered by Whitehall to confiscate property, impose fines and order floggings and hangings. Not until the early 1800s was Newfoundland put on the same basis as other colonies and given a full-time governor.

Meanwhile, the early settlers had scattered to remote coves to escape mistreatment. That's one reason why the tenth province, with a total population of only three hundred and sixty thousand, now has more than thirteen hundred small communities strung along six thousand miles of coast. Many of these "outports," as they are called, are so old and isolated that they have preserved an Elizabethan dialect which strikes the modern ear with an unfamiliar ring and which includes forgotten words like fardle—a bundle of kindling wood.

As capital and trading *Continued on page 24*

The gentle Newfoundlands have a three-century family tree.



Coal is delivered to downtown shops. Islanders were once forbidden to heat homes.



# THE BIGGEST TWINS IN

**VANCOUVER CITIZENS HAVE CEASED TO BE ALARMED AT THE SIGHT OF TWO IDENTICAL GIANTS LUMBERING ABOUT THE STREETS. JACK AND LEO LEAVY DON'T MIND THE GASPS FROM PASSERS-BY BUT THEY WISH THEY'D BUILD PHONE BOOTHS, BATHTUBS AND UPPER BERTHS A LITTLE BIGGER**

By CLYDE GILMOUR

PHOTO BY HARRY FILION ASSOCIATES

**J**ACK AND Leo Leavy, of Vancouver, are a team of jovial and gigantic Irish-Canadian bachelors who look as much alike as a pair of two-ton trucks just off the assembly line. They are considered by reliable authorities to be the largest identical twins in the documented medical history of the human race. As such, they are accustomed to being stared at and to causing a certain amount of commotion everywhere they go. Even the imperturbable Leavys, however, were mildly jolted by one reaction they evoked during a recent visit to the American city of Seattle.

An angular old woman, who had been watching them for several minutes as they stood window-shopping in front of a downtown camera store, suddenly accosted the immense tourists and asked fiercely, "Are you Russians?"

"No, ma'am," they assured her in unison.

"Thank God!" she gasped, and scurried off, evidently feeling a lot better about the ultimate survival of the Western powers.

On another occasion the brothers, who usually walk single-file on narrow streets because they take up the whole sidewalk if they go together, became separated by half a block in heavy Saturday traffic. Along came a drunk, clasp ing an unwrapped "mickey" of liquor in open defiance of British Columbia's stringent regulations. At the sight of Jack Leavy, bulking above the populace like a teacher at kindergarten, the celebrant was visibly shaken. Then he tumbled the corner and ran into Leo, looking exactly the same. With a cry of dismay, the fellow staggered to the curb and smashed his bottle in the gutter.

This sort of occurrence, unnerving to lesser mortals, merely tickles the funnybones of the brothers Leavy, whose mutual sense of humor is almost as robust as their bodies. They stand six feet, ten inches tall in their diamond socks, and they weigh three hundred pounds apiece. By way of comparison, this makes each of them three and a half inches taller and thirty pounds heavier than movie actor Buddy Baer, the enormous Christian slave who strangles a bull in Hollywood's *Quo Vadis*. The average "big" man looks like a shrimp alongside the Leavys. They are even a full inch higher than one of the world's tallest basketball players, Clyde Lovellette, the sensational centre for the University of Kansas. Lovellette, a rigorous two hundred and forty-pounder, would seem downright skinny in the same room with the Leavys, who have been known to gobble a whole pie each for breakfast because they couldn't wait for their mother's bacon and eggs.

The Leavys are also as big as most circus side-show giants whose height is usually exaggerated

with ten-gallon hats, elevator shoes and vertical stripe costumes.

The giants were born twenty-nine years ago in Vancouver. They have never moved away from the Pacific Coast metropolis, where they are as familiar local phenomena as the Lions, the twin mountains towering over the waters of Burrard Inlet. Their father, Leo Leavy Sr., is a district chief in the Vancouver fire department. Now fifty-two years old he is a husky but hardly out-sized man of five feet, ten and a half inches, and his weight is one hundred and ninety pounds. The twins' mother, Helene, is five feet, seven inches tall but her weight is only a hundred and nineteen. At forty-nine she has a figure as youthful as those of most of the young girls her sons dance with at parish and club socials. There are no other children in the family. "The stork," one of the giants told a friend not long ago, "brought us . . . and dropped dead."

## SCALES WON'T HOLD THEM

The twins sleep in specially built beds eight feet long and five feet wide. They find it practically impossible to get a decent rest in trains or hotels and for that reason they never go on an overnight trip unless it's absolutely necessary. Sleeping-car berths force them to squash their knees right up under their chins. Once Jack had a violent dream under these conditions and lashed out with his powerful toes against the partition at his feet, sending it crashing down on the head of the stranger next door. "After that," Jack remembers, "I didn't get any sleep at all and he had the nightmares."

A man who has known the twins for a long time says Leo once soberly asked a CNR porter to fetch a red lantern so he could hang it on his feet as a warning beacon and stick them out in mid-air over the aisle from his upper berth. The request was turned down.

To get weighed the Leavys have to clamber on platform scales, ordinarily used for such things as cattle carcasses. Most domestic bathroom scales don't register beyond two hundred and sixty.

Even as babies the twins dwarfed their contemporaries. At birth they weighed eight pounds each; normal full-term (i.e., non-premature) twins average around six pounds on arrival. Jack and Leo were two-hundred-pound six-footers at the age of thirteen. From then on they kept adding about three more inches and ten more pounds every couple of years. They reached their full height of six feet ten at twenty-two, and their present

weight of three hundred about two years later. Nowadays the spectacle of the two of them alone, suddenly rounding a rainy corner at night and blotting out a street lamp, is enough to freeze the blood.

In spite of their frightening proportions the twins are as benevolent as a pair of Saint Bernards and a good deal less melancholy.

Their grandmother, Mrs. Frank Leavy, who has been near them most of their lives, says proudly, "I have never known them to say one cross word to each other or to anybody else." Rev. Louis Forget, the Canadian priest who married the parents and baptized the infants, recalls that from their earliest days they were "good boys and loads of fun—always big Irish comedians and entertainers." The lifelong affection that links them is a heartening thing to see, but the twins themselves make light of it in conversation. "You just get sort of used to hearing that ponderous tread behind you," was the way one of them lately summed up the feeling of incompleteness that afflicts them whenever they are apart. The longest separation they have suffered since they were born was ten days in 1947 when Jack went to Hamilton to attend a national convention of Young Liberals.

The Leavy brothers are the largest inhabitants of Vancouver and definitely among the largest in all of Canada. However, it is not as individuals but as duplicate twins that they probably are entitled to significant and historic status as human mammoths.

Dr. Vernon C. Brink, a biologist on the medical faculty of the University of British Columbia, the Leavys' alma mater, recently examined a stack of scientific records dealing with multiple births. He reported he could find nothing to indicate either the past or present existence of identical twins anywhere in the world as tall or as heavy as UBC's Jack and Leo. One of Brink's associates, warily refusing to let his own name be published, told me he was "utterly convinced" that the Vancouver behemoths were the biggest duo ever.

Their vast size is all the more remarkable because the Leavys are not abnormal or pituitary monsters like most of the giants authenticated in medical annals. Giantism is usually due to chronic over-activity of the pituitary gland, a small chestnut-shaped body which lies under the front part of the brain. That was the diagnosis, for example, in the case of the unhappy Robert Wadlow, an American colossus who died in 1940 at twenty-two. Wadlow was the most tremendous human being ever known to science. He had reached the awesome height of eight feet, ten inches and weighed four hundred and ninety

*Continued on page 47*



HISTORY



# THE CATERPILLARS ARE COMING

And there's nothing we can do about their menacing march. But they will be stopped, for a time, by the enemies they carry within them

By FRED BODSWORTH



LIFESIZE. The pests swarm up the trunk of a birch to feed.

**M**AYBE it doesn't matter so much whether this particular tent caterpillar story is true or false. Its importance lies in the fact that scientists, who are notoriously quick to debunk any yarn that sounds like blarney, have been telling it for ten years and they're still wondering if it *could* be true.

According to Mark Sauerbrei, an Ontario forestry official at Port Arthur, it happened during a tent caterpillar epidemic at Atikokan, the Steep Rock iron-mine town in northwestern Ontario. Millions of the ugly little caterpillars had become beautiful yellow moths, swarming to the lights. The CNR roundhouse turned off its lights and opened the steam plant's firebox doors. The fire gave the only light and the moths streamed into it. Their oily bodies burned fiercely, making the fire so hot the foreman cut down on the coal. He finally was able to turn off the stoker entirely. Then, for several hours, it is claimed, the fire continued to blaze fiercely, fed only by the clouds of moths pouring through the firebox doors.

"Frankly, I'm a bit sceptical of yarns like that," says Dr. Carl Atwood, head of the forest insect department of the University of Toronto, "although this one is not as impossible as it might sound, because, when the forest tent caterpillars hit one of their cyclic peaks of abundance in the north, the Bible's locust plagues are a meagre dribble in comparison."

After the tent caterpillar epidemic which has been ravaging the forests of eastern Canada since 1948 thousands of Canadians from the Maritimes to Manitoba believe the teeming insects could keep the fires of Hades itself burning. They transform parts of the northwoods into a hell on earth.

During their mercifully short lifetime in May and June billions of them cover large areas with a rippling crawling carpet. Poplar, oak and hard maple forests for miles look as if a hurricane has removed every leaf. They stop trains and tie up road traffic with the slime of their crushed bodies, and defy, by sheer numbers, all human attempts at control. DDT sprays wipe out millions, but billions survive.

Each caterpillar has an appetite so ravenous that it eats about eighty-six thousand times its weight in its first forty-eight hours. The tent caterpillar infestation sweeping the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and forested sections of Manitoba since 1948 is probably the most spectacular forest insect outbreak in Canada's history.

Yet foresters are not at all sure that the tent caterpillar does permanent damage, for defoliated trees produce new leaves by late July and rarely die from the attacks. However, they lose all growth that year. But the Sudbury woman who in one sweeping last spring took three tubfuls from her screen doors and windows says: "Maybe they don't kill trees, but if this keeps on they're going to kill me!"

Unfortunately the epidemic will return this spring at least. Eggs laid by the adult moths last summer, from which caterpillars are now hatching, form clusters on twigs and are easily counted. According to counts made last fall and winter by federal government insect rangers, some trees in Port Arthur and Lake Timagami districts have a hundred thousand eggs per tree. Unless a late spring frost hits them after they have hatched, egg concentrations such as that will leave a surplus of ninety-eight thousand caterpillars per tree, because one average seven-inch-diameter tree will feed only two thousand to maturity.

Last June a party of anglers driving north from Thessalon had to stop at a forest ranger's post to obtain travel permits. It was a sunny day but the ranger had his lamp burning inside his cabin to read by, because door and window screens were blackened by caterpillars. "I sweep them off," he said, "and in fifteen minutes they're back on the screens an inch thick."

The caterpillars had stripped the surrounding poplars and were migrating in search of new food. When an army of them reached the cabin they crawled up one wall, across the roof and down the other side. The cabin looked as if it wore a black fur coat.



When the anglers reached their fishing grounds they found the trout so gorged with caterpillars that nothing would tempt them. One angler declared: "Those fish have had so much to eat they won't be biting for a year."

About the same time, Nestorville, forty miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, found itself without hydro power. For hours linemen could find nothing wrong. Then they spotted a mat of caterpillars on a crossbar atop a hydro pole which had short-circuited wires a foot apart.

When the hordes start crawling, nothing is caterpillar-proof. A woman in a Sudbury store opened her purse to pay for purchases and started to scream. A dozen or so caterpillars had found a refuge beside her change and lipstick.

If a cabin has no cracks that will admit them caterpillars get in anyway on clothing. They drop from ceilings into the cooking, spin cocoons in the bed clothing. In the bush they drop from trees like rain and get down the necks of pulp cutters where their hairy bodies set up painful skin irritations. In several areas last June pulp cutters quit work for a week or more until the caterpillars had spun cocoons.

While golfing, Alex Milne, of Port Carling, found caterpillars so thick on one fairway that they covered his ball and it took him fifteen minutes to find it. After a long putt he was baffled to see his ball roll across the cup without dropping in. The cup was filled to overflowing with a wriggling mass of caterpillars.

On concrete pavements and railway rails their crushed bodies form a coating as slippery as ice. Where caterpillars are numerous it is frequently difficult to keep trains moving. North of Sudbury freights have been uncoupled and hauled up caterpillar-greased grades in sections. At Wabigoon, near Kenora, locomotives have sat motionless for two hours with wheels spinning on a mass of caterpillars. Near Perth, in eastern Ontario, a brakeman once walked ahead of a passenger train for two hours sweeping caterpillars from the rails with a broom.

Last June in northern Michigan highway traffic on one hill was stalled a couple of hours when one curious driver stopped to look at the mat of caterpillars crossing the pavement. When he tried to start again his wheels spun as though the car was in wet snow.

Fortunately the caterpillars stay around for only about two weeks in late May and June when mosquitoes and black flies are sabotaging the tourist trade anyway.

Few other insects illustrate more forcefully the capacity for explosive increase possessed by the insect kingdom. The tent caterpillar population rises and falls in fairly regular cycles. For years it will survive tenaciously with a population as low as one caterpillar per acre of forest. Then suddenly, about every ten years, the population bursts into an epidemic. Nature's controls, disease and parasites, attack the caterpillars with an efficiency that man's chemicals cannot match. Then, as suddenly and mysteriously as they first appeared, the caterpillars are gone again, a gruesome memory until the cycle returns.

There are half a dozen or more species of tent caterpillars in North America, named for their habit of building tentlike webs in trees to which the colonies retreat for protection during daylight. One, the orchard or eastern tent caterpillar, pitches its tent in wild cherry or apple trees and is a serious orchard pest, but it never goes wriggling across the landscape in a furry tidal wave like its northern cousin. The one that stops trains and denudes whole forests is the forest tent caterpillar. Oddly enough it's so busy eating, or crawling around looking for something to eat, that it never takes time to build a tent. A tent caterpillar without a tent may be the family eccentric but, in the world of nature where success is measured only in how many of a species survive to produce another generation, the forest tent caterpillar is the insect kingdom's wonderboy.

When it's fat, well fed and finicky the forest tent caterpillar prefers poplar leaves, but after all the poplar greenery has

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**3 PM**  
**TUESDAY**



**10 AM**  
**WEDNESDAY**



These photographs taken near Chalk River show what the invaders can do.



Forest ranger J. E. McDonald counts egg bands in the Thessalon, Ont., area.

# Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN:** The fumbling courtship of a ballad-loving American steno (Kim Hunter) by a high-minded Balkan immigrant (Jose Ferrer) is often both touching and hilarious in this pleasant comedy.

**BOOTS MALONE:** Few race-track movies have been more solidly interesting than this one, although customers who demand "luv" in every picture will find nary a smooch from opening shot to fadeout. William Holden appears as a sombre Irishman who thoroughly understands horses and humans.

**THE GALLOPING MAJOR:** The bang-tails again, this time in a British comedy from the makers of *Tight Little Island* and *Passport to Pimlico*. It's about three hundred obscure Londoners who enter their tired jumper in the Grand National Steeplechase — with plump Basil Radford in the saddle. Funny in spots, but hardly up to the level of its yeasty predecessors.

**THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH:** Director Cecil B. deMille, an all-star cast, and the world's biggest circus . . . and the result, to me at least, is mainly a great crashing bore in spite of a few exhilarating moments.

**HIS EXCELLENCY:** A rough-and-tumble labor unionist (Eric Portman) becomes the British governor of a Mediterranean island. Soon he is equally at war with violent dock strikers and the colony's starchy aristocrats. What should have been a fascinating climax is weakened by a lot of muddled semiflashbacks; but the story is a good one and the cast is excellent, especially Cecil Parker as the governor's suave adviser.

**LADY GODIVA RIDES AGAIN:** The beauty-queen racket is briskly kidded in a British comedy-drama. Uneven in

style, but entertaining, with a wonderful bit by Alastair Sim as a frustrated but philosophical film producer.

**LYDIA BAILEY:** A tepid romance is outweighed by some spectacular action in this enjoyable adventure yarn, set on the troubled island of Haiti in 1802.

**THE MARRYING KIND:** The gifted Judy Holliday and a frog-voiced newcomer named Aldo Ray are well matched as the noisy but utterly human partners in a shaky marriage. A good comedy-drama.

**MY SON JOHN:** Helen Hayes returns to the screen as the mother of an "intellectual" American Communist (brilliantly played by the late Robert Walker). Dean Jagger is the traitor's bumbling, jingoistic dad. The story's "Wake up, America!" theme is a worthy one but it unfolds in a ponderous and confusing manner.

**THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS:** Dan Dailey amiably impersonates big-league baseball's No. 1 hillbilly, Dixie Dean, in a comedy which is often a lot of fun.

**LA RONDE:** This bitter-sweet French comedy of loves and infidelities doesn't appeal to prudes and was not manufactured for the kiddies. But its droll approach to the battle-of-the-sexes can be heartily relished by many a respectable adult.

**SINGIN' IN THE RAIN:** Another good big-budget musical from the studio which created *An American in Paris*, although not quite in that class for my money. It joshes the early days of Hollywood talkies, and the talented cast includes Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, comedienne Jean Hagen, and dancer Cyd Charisse.

## GILMOUR RATES

*An American in Paris:* Musical. Tops. *Appointment With Venus:* Military comedy (British). Good.

*Bend of the River:* Jimmy Stewart in big western. Excellent. *Bright Victory:* Drama. Good. *Browning Version:* Drama. Excellent.

*Callaway Went Thataway:* Satiric "western" comedy. Good. *Come Fill the Cup:* Drama. Good.

*Death of a Salesman:* Drama. Good. *Defective Story:* Crime. Excellent.

*Family Secret:* Drama. Fair. *5 Fingers:* Spy drama. Excellent. *Flesh and Fury:* Boxing drama. Fair.

*Here Come the Nelsons:* Comedy. Fair. *High Treason:* Spy drama. Fair.

*I'll Never Forget You:* Drama. Poor. *I'll See You in My Dreams:* Musical biography. Fair.

*Invitation:* Marriage drama. Fair. *Ivory Hunter:* Adventure. Good. *I Want You:* Family drama. Fair.

*Japanese War Bride:* Drama. Fair.

*Lavender Hill Mob:* Comedy. Fair. *The Light Touch:* Comedy. Fair. *Lone Star:* Sexy western. Fair.

*Man in the White Suit:* Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent. *The Mob:* Comedy-drama. Good.

*The Model and the Marriage Broker:* Romantic comedy. Fair.

*Olympic Elk:* Wildfire short. Good. *On Dangerous Ground:* Drama. Fair.

*Pandora and the Flying Dutchman:* Mystic romance. Poor.

*People Against O'Hara:* Crime. Good. *Phone Call From a Stranger:* Comedy-drama. Good.

*A Place in the Sun:* Drama. Tops.

*Quo Vadis:* Bible spectacle. Good.

*Red Badge of Courage:* War. Excellent.

*Red Skies of Montana:* Forest-fire action drama. Fair.

*Return of the Texan:* Western. Good.

*The River:* Indian drama. Excellent.

*Room for One More:* Domestic comedy-drama. Good.

*Rooty Toot Toot:* Cartoon fable. Tops.

*Royal Journey:* Fact feature. Excellent.

*Slaughter Trail:* Ballad western. Fair.

*Steel Town:* Action romance. Fair.

*A Streetcar Named Desire:* Drama for adults. Excellent.

*Tales of Hoffmann:* Opera ballet. Good.

*Ten Tall Men:* Adventure. Fair.

*Too Young to Kiss:* Comedy. Good.

*Viva Zapata!* Mexico drama. Good.

*The Well:* Race-bias drama. Good.

*With a Song in My Heart:* Musical biography. Excellent.

*Wooden Horse:* Suspense drama. Good.

## The Oldest Boomtown

Continued from page 19

cente of the outports St. John's reflects their character. It has, of course, the polish and dignity which befit its age and prestige, but behind its stone façades and pillared porticoes it's as naive and neighborly as a fishing village.

For example, when Mrs. Rupert Jackson, wife of a St. John's journalist, had twins, the birth notice in the *Evening Telegram* stated that the mother and infants were doing well but that the father would "need a week or so to recuperate." The town chuckled, the doctor and the hospital reduced their bills, gifts poured in to the Jackson bungalow.

The outports love individuals who are amiably eccentric. So does St. John's. The biggest funeral in its four and a half centuries was for "Professor" Charles Danielle, who was the owner of Octagon Castle, an eight-sided inn on Topsail Road. Danielle, who was the man who advertised for a carpenter to shingle cows, fashioned his own coffin with eight thousand seashells and slept in it for years before he died.

Like the outports St. John's enjoys singing the praises of its minor celebrities. It claims, among others, the most prodigious toiler in Canada, Dennis Neville; the youngest locomotive engineer, Archie Courage; and the cop with the hardest punch, Frank Stamp.

Neville, now sixty-six but spry as a boy, once dug fifty-six tons of ore in a day at the iron mines on Bell Island, near St. John's. Nobody has since approached that record. For years, from spring to fall, he labored ten hours a day repairing roads and seven hours a day in his vegetable garden.

Courage, now twenty-seven, was a full-fledged engineer on a passenger train at twenty-two. Moses Courage, his father, was an engineer before him and was killed in a wreck caused by a washout. Archie Courage has four brothers who are railroaders like himself.

St. John's policemen are said to be North America's tallest and from the rank of sergeant up they swing walking sticks with a dashing air. Stamp, the one member of the force who doesn't top six feet, has other qualifications. When he had to deal with a gigantic Norwegian seaman who was hell-bent for a fight the Norwegian woke up in a cell. In court he was asked by the magistrate if he knew what hit him. "It felt," he replied rubbing his jaw, "like a pile driver." "Well," said the magistrate, "it wasn't a pile driver, but it was Frank Stamp, the heavyweight boxing champion of Newfoundland, so I guess you've been punished enough. Case dismissed."

The outports have a poetic streak which finds expression in folk songs and in such wonderful place names as *Heart's Desire*, *Happy Adventure*, *Heart's Content*, *Sweet Bay* and *Come By Chance*. St. John's, where solemn businessmen are rumored to bellow sea chanteys in their bathtubs, has a recognized circle of serious poets like Michael Harrington, who has had two volumes of his work published.

Although the people of the outports and those of St. John's are alike in lots of ways they disagree in politics. The outports are enthusiastic about Confederation and favor the Liberals, but St. John's grumbles about the union with Canada, blames it on the Liberals and consequently leans toward the Progressive Conservatives.

Its feelings were probably summed up by a pretty girl with an Irish brogue who is on the staff of the city's principal

hotel, the Newfoundland. A salesman from the mainland, who entered the lobby drenched to the skin by a gale-driven rain, informed her that "they ought to give this country back to the Indians."

"My country," she snapped, "was given back to the Indians on March 31, 1949." That was the date on which Newfoundland joined Canada.

Ottawa's taxes, since then, have jacked up the prices of scores of items, especially cigarettes and liquor. St. John's resents this. It resents the federal regulation which has reduced the strength of "screech"—the Newfoundland word for rum—and members of the City Council thought out loud that it might be fair to charge the Newfoundland Liquor Control Board a dollar a quart for water, in view of the profit that body was reaping by adding water to screech.

St. John's also resents the fact that Canadian tariffs have eliminated from the stores goods previously imported from the United States. You can hear women complain that "it's impossible to buy smart clothes anymore." Then, too, Canada's high income taxes have walloped the rich in St. John's, where Newfoundland's wealth is concentrated. And St. John's, accustomed to being a national capital, the centre of its own little world, isn't too pleased about being one of ten provincial capitals.

## The Blessing of Pepperrell

Yet it has never been more prosperous than in the last three years. Its wages, once notoriously low, are rapidly approaching mainland levels. Family allowances and old-age pensions are making life easier for thousands of its people. It is growing, ridding itself of slums, developing new residential areas, improving schools and hospitals. Its shops, theatres and taverns are constantly crowded.

But, as anti-Confederationists point out, much of its free-flowing moneystreams from U.S. military expenditures. St. John's is one of the most vital spots on the global defense map. In the southeastern corner of Newfoundland, twelve hundred miles from New York and eighteen hundred miles from Liverpool, it straddles air and sea routes between the great cities of North America and Europe, and has a harbor that's open the year round.

Fort Pepperrell, at St. John's, is headquarters of the United States Northeast Command, which has jurisdiction over air and naval bases in Labrador, Newfoundland and Greenland and directs the operations of planes and ships that patrol an area larger than the area of the United States. Pepperrell, less than two miles from downtown St. John's, sprawls over hundreds of acres and has huge office buildings, warehouses, long rows of dwellings, its own power plant, a radio station, a hospital and even a dairy. The dairy's cattle were flown from New Brunswick to Newfoundland.

In 1951 Pepperrell employed eleven hundred civilians, mostly natives, and paid them two million dollars. Military personnel stationed there spent about a million dollars in St. John's. This year's civilian payroll may exceed three million dollars. While Pepperrell has been an economic blessing, it has brought such an influx of outsiders that St. John's is up against an acute housing shortage and rents are skyrocketing.

Pepperrell's young men in uniform and residents of St. John's get on fine together. The Americans, who have it dinned into them by their top brass that one of their duties is to maintain

Continued on page 26



# TOP-RATED **88&98** GASOLINE



Canadian motorists are using B-A gasolines under all kinds of conditions, in all types of cars . . . and they're finding it pays them. It pays them in economy, in engine performance, in the power they need and want. And they found they liked the clean, modern B-A stations where highly trained attendants give them courteous and expert service.

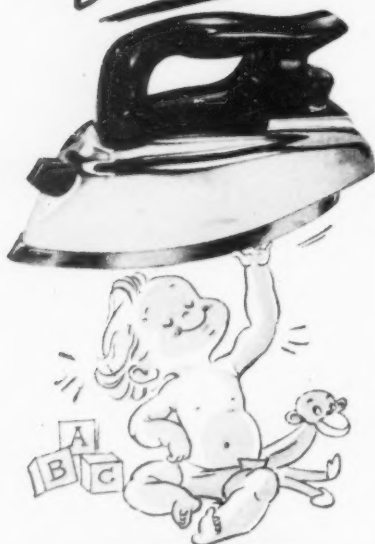


**THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL  
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*The Largest Oil Company Owned by Canadians*

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**LIGHTEST!**



## SILEX Air-Lift Steam Iron

The lightest you can buy . . . your best buy . . . the new Silex Steam Iron . . . a featherweight . . . just 2 1/4 lbs! And tops in performance. Holds more water, gives more steam, has more ironing surface than any other iron. Uses tap water, too. Get the new Silex Steam Iron today.

Thrifty! Thriftier! **THRIFTIEST!**



## SILEX Coffeemaker

64 cups instead of 40 . . . from every pound, and every sip rich, flavorful, delicious! Go Silex and save on every coffee dollar! Models from 2 to 8 cup size. Red, yellow or black trim. Insist on a Silex Coffee-maker — accept no substitute.

## NEW! SILEX Carafe



For gracious coffee serving! Of sparkling, heat-resistant glass, with gold-striped black vinylite neck. Smart table mat, 8 and 12 cup size.

THE SILEX COMPANY LTD.  
ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Continued from page 24

friendly relations on foreign soil, go out of their way to be nice. At Christmas they taxi Santa Claus to St. John's by helicopter; in summer they have a picnic for the orphans; throughout the year their rescue squadron locates lost fishing vessels and provides an air ambulance for emergencies.

Even without the lectures and pamphlets on friendly relations they would do these things because, like other visitors, they find St. John's a captivating surprise. They go there expecting a grim poverty-stricken place with Eskimos and the sort of climate none but an Eskimo could endure. They find, instead, a gay city that is tolerably well off, hasn't a single Eskimo—which is slightly disappointing—and has a climate that is pleasantly cool in summer and much milder than that of most mainland centres in winter.

The Yanks are teaching the younger generation American slang but they themselves unconsciously adopt the St. John's accent—a mixture of Devon, Dublin and Dundee—and borrow localisms like "ta, mate," meaning good-bye. In beverage rooms they drop nickels in U.S. juke boxes, then play darts, the venerable game of England's pubs, to a jive accompaniment.

Newcomers acquire sore legs from their first enthusiastic burst of sight-seeing, because St. John's has Canada's hilliest streets—a fact proved by the courthouse, which is perched on a typical slope and is seven floors high on one side and three floors high on the other.

They discover that the objects on corners resembling overgrown fire hydrants are mail boxes; that the Arctic steak in the windows of butcher shops is whale meat; that seal-flipper pie isn't a tall tale but a real delicacy; and that residents of St. John's are so courteous that they will often lift their hats and nod when passing complete strangers.

Any Cook's Tour of St. John's in-

cludes Government House, the Colonial Building, Canada House and Bowring Park.

Government House, built in 1828 at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds, is set in spacious lawns and originally had a moat surrounding it. Judge Prowse, Newfoundland's famed historian, termed it "an unredeemed pile of ugliness," but to most eyes it's as charming a piece of Tudor architecture as there is in this country. Its present occupant, Lieutenant-Governor Sir Leonard Outerbridge, was born in the U. S. of Newfoundland parents and educated in England before settling down to a business career in the land of his forebears.

### Joe Plays Dorothy Dix

The Colonial Building, with six massive columns supporting the coat of arms over its entrance, was erected in 1849 with stone imported from Ireland and now webbed with cracks. When Newfoundland was a self-governing dominion the parliament met there. When Newfoundland tumbled into such financial difficulties in 1933 that it had to revert to the status of a colony, the commissioners appointed to govern deliberated there. And, since 1949, Newfoundland's provincial legislature has assembled there. The cracks in the stone walls, so the story in St. John's goes, were caused by the excessive heat of Newfoundland's politics.

Canada House, once the residence of Canada's high commissioner to Newfoundland, is now the office and home of Premier Joseph R. Smallwood, the man primarily responsible for leading Newfoundland into Confederation. Brisk and thin, a former journalist and radio commentator, he works at his desk all day with boundless energy while his secretaries keep callers at bay. But he devotes his evenings, when his staff has departed, to meeting anybody who wants to see him. His front door is never locked after dark and people even

bring Joe their matrimonial problems.

Bowring Park, with its lake, picnic grounds and gardens, has a life-sized bronze statue of a caribou, Newfoundland's emblem. Framed by evergreens and mounted on rocks, this is a memorial to six hundred men of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment who died in France on July 1, 1916. The park itself was given to the city by Bowrings, a mercantile concern which is a Newfoundland institution.

Bowrings, which owns the biggest department store in St. John's, was founded in 1811 by Benjamin Bowring, a clockmaker from England. While he dealt in timepieces Charlotte, his wife, branched into dry goods. Merchandise was exchanged for fish, the fish was exported, and the business grew until Bowrings had trawlers on the Grand Banks, sealers in the ice floes, whaling stations in the Arctic, plantations in the tropics. When Newfoundland's banks failed during a financial panic in 1894 Bowrings printed private currency which served temporarily as Newfoundland's money. Direct descendants of Benjamin and Charlotte Bowring still direct the firm's activities, and the family, which has produced a baronet and three knights, is reputed to have accumulated more than fifty million dollars.

Bowrings long had a virtual monopoly on Newfoundland's seal trade. One of its sealing skippers, the late Abraham Kean, accounted for more than a million seals and claimed to be the greatest animal killer in history. Another, Azariah Munden, was celebrated because he paced his bloody deck wearing a dress suit and beaver hat.

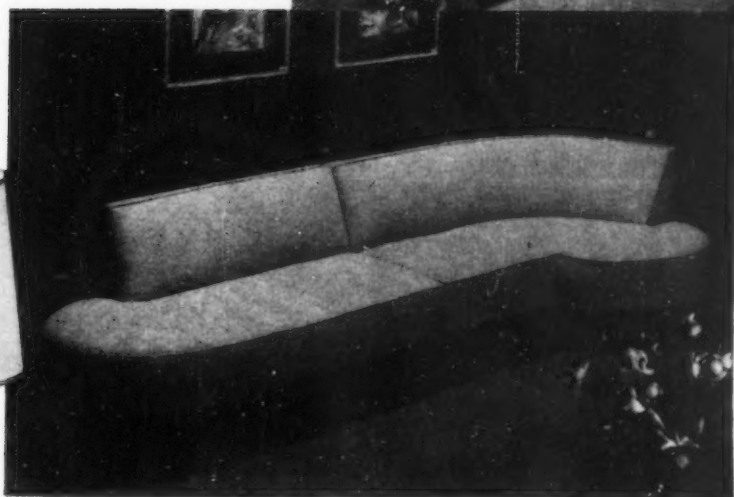
Bowrings is the best-known company in St. John's, but not the oldest. Job Brothers (fish and fishing supplies) dates from 1777. Baine, Johnston, which looks after the port wine sent from Portugal to be matured, dates from 1780. Since Elizabethan days wine connoisseurs have been convinced

Continued on page 29

## CANADA as they see it—No. 3 by rearrangement with LEN NORRIS





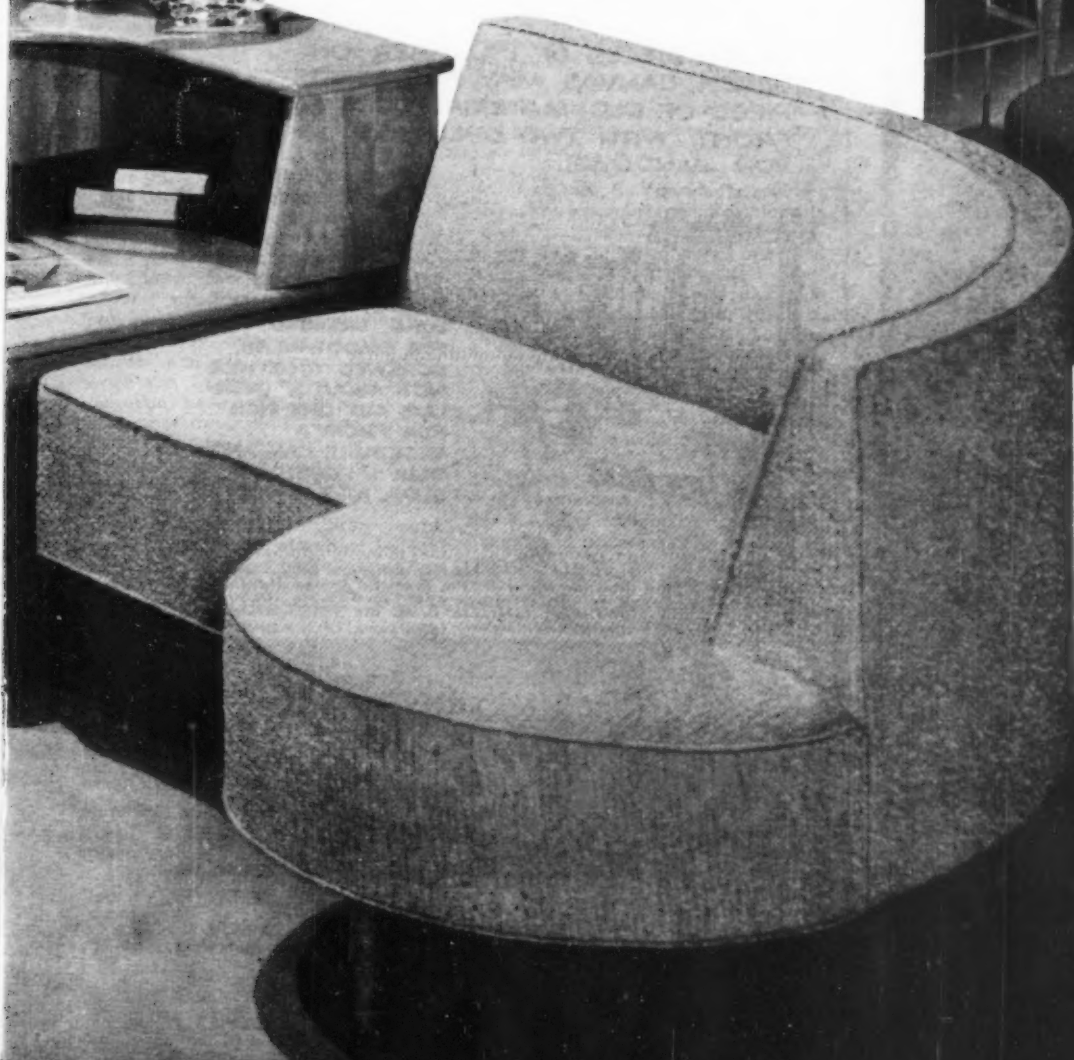
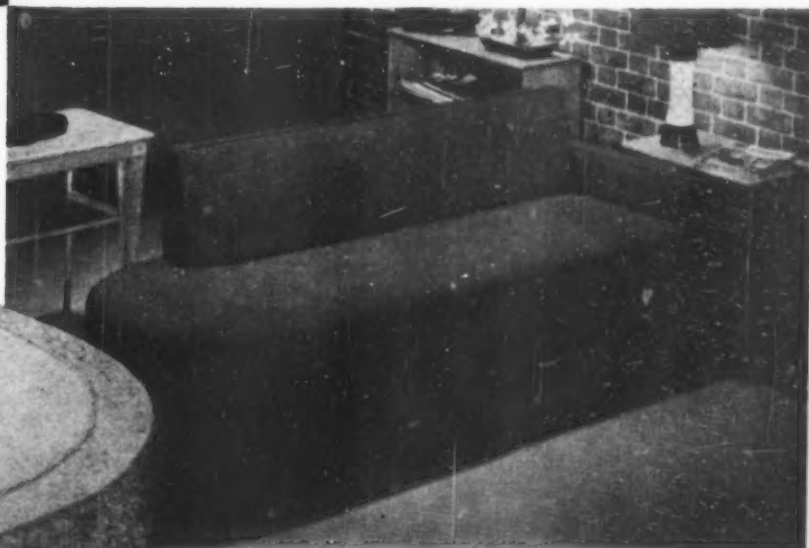


and now...

## DYNAVISTA

the most advanced foam rubber sectional  
...in a hundred excitingly different arrangements!

by *Snyder's*





## Tom Gard's Note Book

During the past month I was quite interested in what a friend had done for the junior members of the family. Down in the corner of the yard I noted that four braces provided supports for a canvas covering, and a couple of discarded drapes served to screen the front. Two squares had been cut to serve as windows, and the little girls were quite protected from the noon-day sun.

For rainy days, or during winter, accommodation had been provided in the basement, where the children could play house to their heart's content. Two orange crates, a connecting board and an old mirror served to make quite a nice dressing table for the children.

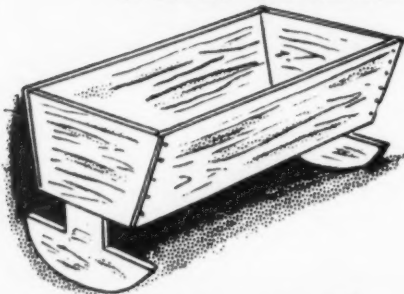
This same thoughtful father had assisted his son to make good use of spare time. Pieces of lath, picked up nearby where a house was being built, provided suitable material for a salad spoon and fork. The

pattern had been taken from the pantry, giving the necessary outline. Patient work with keyhole saw, pocket knife and sandpaper finished the job. Now most of the boy scout in the neighborhood are making similar sets.

A week ago, when down near Trenton, saw how one of the boys in the Air Force had dressed up his recreation room with attractive pictures, which gave a third dimension effect. He had pasted down pictures (from advertisements, etc.) on quarter inch plywood. When thoroughly dry, using a coping saw, he cut close to the picture removing surplus wood. Then sanding carefully he trimmed the picture flush with the plywood. On the back of the cut-out he glued, or tacked, three small blocks. These prevented the picture from hanging flat on the wall. A small ring was used to hang the picture. The finishing touch was two coats of thin varnish to give the necessary lustre.

# AROUND THE HOME

## DOLLS CRADLE



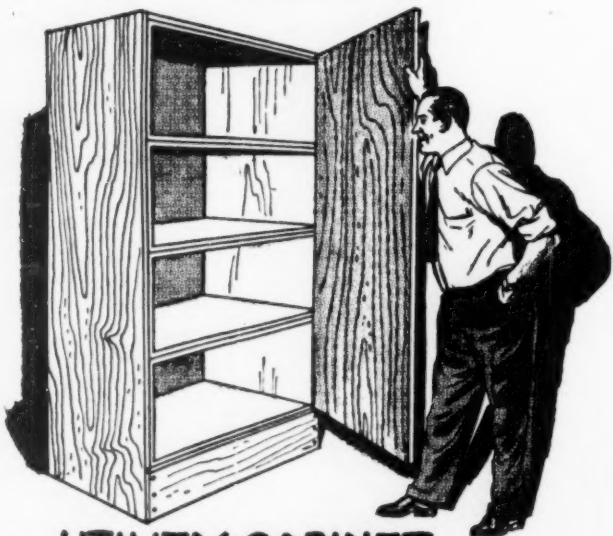
## SHADOW PICTURES

PASTE CUT-OUT PICTURE ON 1/4" PLYWOOD. FOLLOW OUTLINE WITH SMALL COPING SAW OR JIG-SAW. TACK THREE SMALL BLOCKS (1/4" THICK) ON BACK. TWO COATS OF THIN VARNISH.

## CORNER PLAY HOUSE

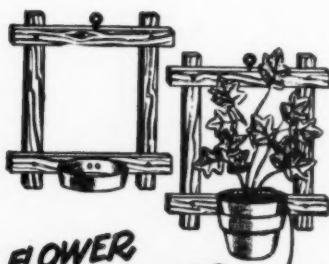


CROSS PIECES OF 1" LUMBER ON WHICH CANVAS MAY BE TACKED. PIECE OF OLD MATERIAL USED FOR FRONT, WITH TWO OPENINGS FOR WINDOWS



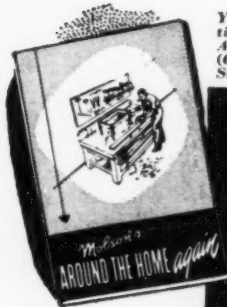
## UTILITY CABINET

FROM ORANGE CRATES OR PACKING BOXES, STACKED TO DESIRED HEIGHT, WITH ENDS COVERED WITH 1/4" PLYWOOD. BASEBOARD IN FRONT. DOOR OF 1/4" PLYWOOD.



## FLOWER POT HOLDER

FROM FOUR PIECES OF LATH 15' LONG, DRESSED FOR SMOOTHNESS, SCREWED TOGETHER WITH ABOUT 5" OVERLAP. CUT ONE-INCH RIM FROM A VEGETABLE CAN AND TACK IN POSITION TO SUPPORT THE POT



You'll find many other interesting and helpful suggestions like these in the booklet "Around the Home Again". Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P. O. Box 490, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.

ONE OF A SERIES PRESENTED BY

# Molson's

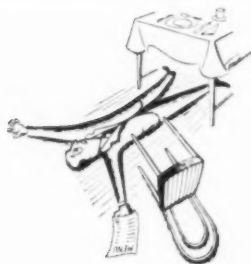
AS A PUBLIC SERVICE



Continued from page 26  
that the climate of St. John's works magic on port aged there.

Basically, St. John's is a mercantile city. It revolves around Water Street where Bowings, Job Brothers, Baine, Johnston and others have warehouses and stores beside their wharves. But it also has dozens of small factories turning out goods for Newfoundland consumption. The merchandise from St. John's is carried to the hundreds of outposts by coastal vessels, many of them schooners. Missionaries and hairdressers often cruise on these vessels, to call at one village after another. At some outposts, when a hairdresser arrives, men as well as women get their hair waved. The fishermen, like their Elizabethan ancestors, can see no reason why males shouldn't have their locks curled.

St. John's, for all its great age and in spite of its forest of chimney pots, has a reasonably modern look and fewer bad slums than the average seaport. One reason for this is that it was swept by fire in 1816, in 1846 and again in 1892. The fire of 1892, the "Great Fire,"



### Deappetizer

Food entices  
Much less when you  
Note the prices  
On the menu.

—Ivan J. Collins

swept away twenty million dollars' worth of property and more than two thirds of the city had to be rebuilt. After that, the Newfoundland government stepped in and established a permanent fire department.

The St. John's firemen are provincial employees, not civic. So are the policemen. Nor does the city control the schools, which are financed by the province and run by the churches. Each major denomination has its schools and the Roman Catholics, Anglicans, United Church and Salvation Army have junior colleges.

Because the Newfoundland government provides services for which municipalities are responsible on the mainland, city taxes are low and the duties of the mayor—Harry Mews, an insurance man—and the councilors are lighter than would otherwise be the case. But Mews and his colleagues are now in the midst of a housing program, striving to create dwellings for a rapidly increasing population and to hold rents within reason. They realize that in a town where food costs are high—milk is more than thirty cents a quart—there's a limit to the rent people can pay, even when things are booming. And everything is booming in St. John's, including culture.

Memorial University College, Newfoundland's one nondenominational college, is being raised to degree-giving status. The Department of Education is offering cash prizes for art, music,

poetry, plays, historical essays and radio scripts with a Newfoundland theme. Two young painters, Reginald Sheppard and Helen Parsons, have successfully launched an Academy of Art. The Atlantic Guardian, a monthly magazine which publishes articles about Newfoundland by Newfoundlanders, is flourishing.

The columns of the St. John's daily newspapers, the Telegram and the News, and of its weekly newspaper, the Sunday Herald, show a lively interest in Newfoundland arts and letters. So do the programs of its radio stations, CBN, VOCI and CJON.

And Newfoundland's capital, so rich in history, is getting a place to display it; a museum eliminated in the 1930s as an economy move is being re-established. L. E. F. English, a scholar with an inquiring mind and a photographic memory, who is the provincial archivist, is preparing the exhibits.

English has dug up evidence that Newfoundland's first tourists were Norsemen, in 1001. He knows that the yellow bricks in the chimneys of the houses at Ferryland, forty miles from St. John's, were salvaged from Lord Baltimore's castle, and that Baltimore lived at Ferryland from 1622 until he went south in 1627 to found the commonwealth of Maryland. He knows that Newfoundland dogs, huge, black and gentle, trace their ancestry from St. Bernards and French Shepherds brought to St. John's in the 1600s by fishermen; that one of these dogs rescued the passengers and crew of a sinking steamship by swimming out and towing a lifeline ashore in a violent storm; that they've been pictured on postage stamps, like kings, queens and statesmen; and that the greatest breeder of them in the world is Harold Macpherson, a St. John's merchant.

English knows the story of the Beothuck Indians, Newfoundland's extinct tribe, who were terrible thieves but would never rob a house with a cross on the door, although they weren't Christians. He knows that outside the harbor of St. John's, a giant squid once wrapped thirty-foot tentacles around a fishing dory and that the fishermen escaped by chopping the tentacles off with an ax.

He knows that Newfoundland's moose, now abundant, all stem from two pairs introduced from New Brunswick in 1904, and that Newfoundland's frogs were also introduced from the mainland; and that Newfoundland has no snakes, no skunks, no deer, but lots of caribou. He has collected Newfoundland's folklore, listed its odd words and quaint phrases, and ascertained that there are forty-pound Loch Leven trout in the lake from which St. John's draws its exceptionally pure water, which doesn't have to be chlorinated.

He has gathered information about the first Atlantic cable, the western end of which was landed at Trinity Bay, north of St. John's, in 1858 and which broke after Queen Victoria had sent the president of the United States this message: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." He has also rounded up such data as what minerals have been found where in Newfoundland's forty-three thousand square miles and Labrador's one hundred and ten thousand square miles.

He doesn't see how he can cram all this and much more into one museum but he's trying.

"We have," he says mildly, "quite a lot of things to show people, quite a lot of things to tell them about, here in this ancient capital of this new province. Some of the mainlanders who visit us are surprised."

They certainly are. ★



## Relieve the Pressure Pain of sore, aching muscles!

● There's a way to relieve the ache and soreness that comes from overexertion—quickly, easily! Doctors generally will tell you that muscular pain and stiffness may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become swollen, sore.

For wonderful relief—fast—rub Absorbine Jr. on those stiff, aching spots. It actually helps to counteract pressure which may be causing your pain. At the same time, it warms and soothes. You start feeling better with a speed that will surprise you.

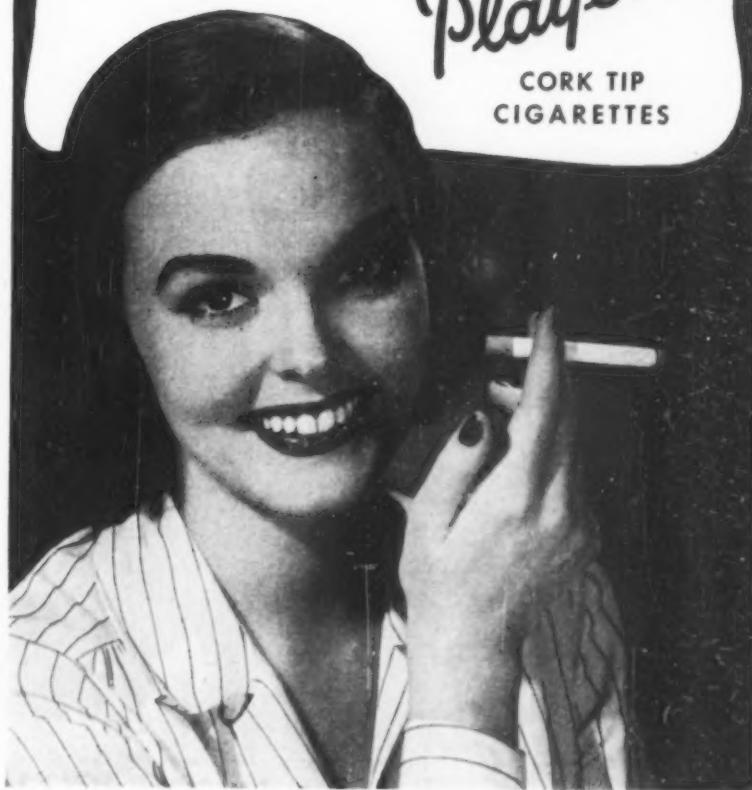
Get Absorbine Jr. today. Only \$1.25 a bottle at all drug counters.

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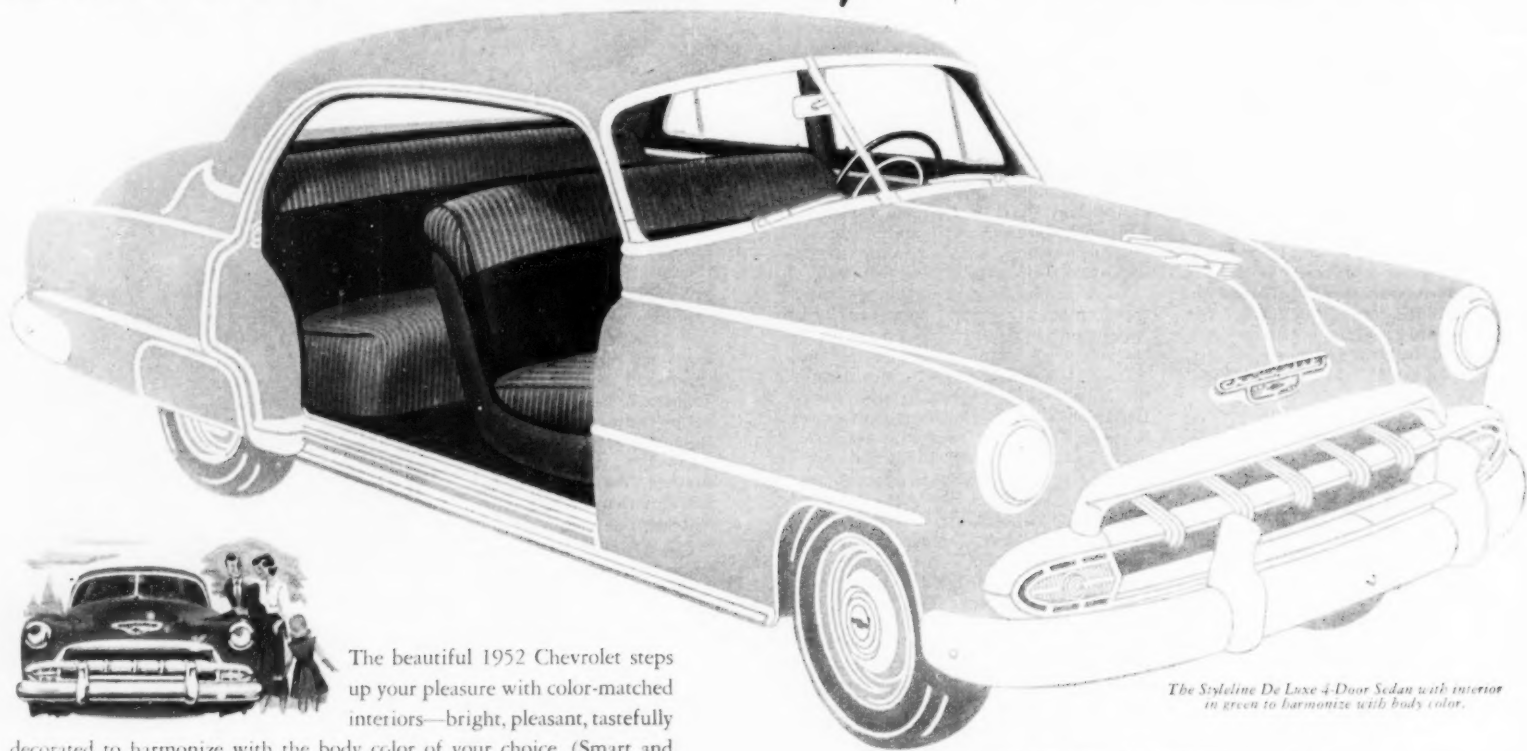


## ABSORBINE JR.

*I always enjoy*  
**Player's**  
CORK TIP  
CIGARETTES



# Chevrolet for '52— *Brilliant new Beauty inside and out*



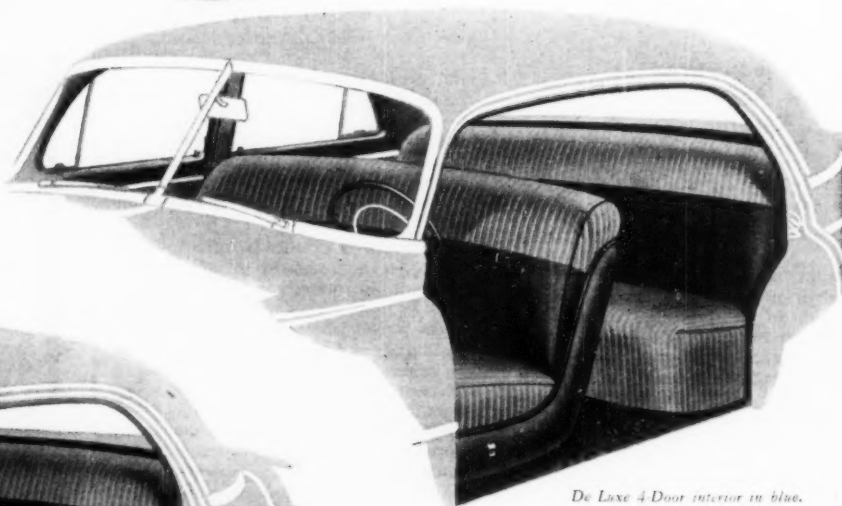
*The Styling De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with interior in green to harmonize with body color.*

The beautiful 1952 Chevrolet steps up your pleasure with color-matched interiors—bright, pleasant, tastefully decorated to harmonize with the body color of your choice. (Smart and durable new fabrics, too!)

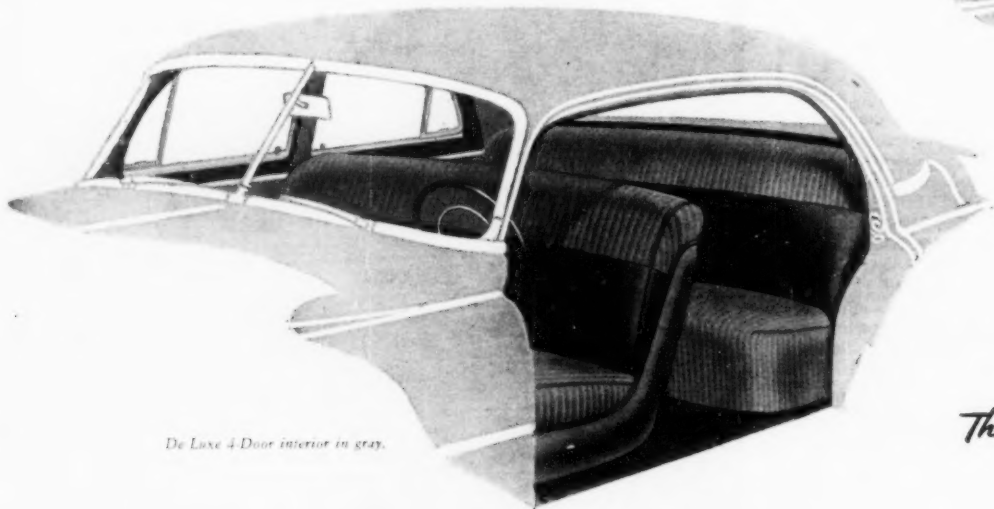
Choose a De Luxe Sedan or Coupe in any one of Chevrolet's brilliant new colors. The interior — upholstery, floor coverings, instrument panel and trim — will be finished in harmonizing shades of blue, green or gray to complement the exterior color.

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*De Luxe 4-Door interior in blue.*



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**New Centrepoise Power** "screens out" engine vibration. You hardly know the engine's in the car!



**POWERGLIDE Automatic Transmission** with new **Automatic Choke**—(optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.)



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**Jumbo-Drum Brakes** — full eleven-inch drum diameter. Give safer, surer stops with less lining wear.



**Centre-Point Steering** makes driving and parking easier. Reduces steering effort, lessens road shock.



## The Cabinet Minister Who Never Sleeps

Continued from page 9

went straight into law, graduated with honors and various medals and prizes in 1921 and went into partnership with his father.

Claxton worked hard at his practice and did very well, but he never did limit himself to law. He spent almost as much time being secretary of the Canadian League, an organization of the Nineteen-Twenties devoted to building up Canadian national spirit. Claxton had and has a boundless enthusiasm for anything Canadian, from Canadian art and poetry to Canadian whisky and Canadian cheese. In the early Twenties he and his father bought the house which the Claxtons still regard as home—a beautiful Canadian farmhouse with walls a yard thick, built in 1685, and itself a rare item of Canadiana. In 1925 Claxton married Helen Galt Savage, sister of the well-known painter Annie Savage, and through her he became interested in Canadian paintings. The first Montreal exhibition of the Group of Seven was held in the Claxtons' living room twenty-six years ago.

They had a busy social life, too. Claxton enjoys playing host and does it extremely well. Last December 24 saw the twenty-seventh consecutive Christmas Eve party at the Claxton home; among the carol singers around the piano were young men and women whose parents hadn't even met when they attended their first Claxton Christmas party.

Claxton was active in the Canadian Institute of International Affairs which, founded in 1928, absorbed the old Canadian League. Partly through the Institute, partly by the natural effect of Claxton hospitality, their home became a rendezvous for visitors to Montreal from other provinces and other countries. He built up a set of acquaintances all over the world which has been helpful during his years in the cabinet.

### Advice: Don't Talk

His acquaintances were also responsible in some part, for the young Claxton's reputation as a radical. He was a friend and admirer of the late J. S. Woodsworth, founder of the CCF, and of many a Woodsworth follower. Claxton himself has never belonged to any political organization except the Liberal Party and most of the radical measures he advocated in the Thirties have been enacted by the Liberal Government of which he is a member. However, conservative circles in those days regarded him as a pretty dangerous fellow, and there was surprise on both Left and Right when he ran as a Liberal candidate in 1940.

There was more surprise when he won. His opponent was Hon. C. H. Cahan, who had survived Liberal land-slides before; their riding was St. Lawrence-St. George, which had gone Liberal only once before in its history. Claxton got a majority sixty-five percent bigger than the biggest Cahan had ever got, and since then he has doubled it.

When he came to Ottawa for his first session his old crony A. C. Caselman, who by then had been a Conservative MP for fifteen years, gave him some sage counsel: "If you want to get on, just keep quiet for the first year. Listen, don't talk."

Claxton took the advice to the extent of remaining silent for almost a month. In that first session he spoke only four times, and always briefly, though he plunged immediately into committee

work. He rose oftener the following year and by 1943 felt sufficiently at home to make a speech on the reform of parliament itself. He even wrote a magazine article on the subject. The Opposition seldom lets a session go by without quoting this article and asking the Minister of National Defense when he proposes to implement it.

A friend of those days remembers Claxton asking "What does a back-bencher do when his party takes a line he doesn't like? Should he try to change the policy, and then support the party anyway? Or should he speak against the policy in public as well?"

"Go ahead and speak your mind," was the reply. "They'll respect you for it." The friend now recalls with a touch of malice that Claxton seemed to find this advice unpalatable, and changed the subject abruptly.

### Assistant to the Boss

Nevertheless, his early speeches show more independence than those of most new members. If he didn't attack the government he did urge it to various courses it hadn't adopted. However, Claxton soon found it was more effective to work for what he wanted behind the scenes.

In the summer of 1943, the year Claxton was appointed parliamentary assistant to Prime Minister King, the Liberal Party's fortunes were at their lowest ebb of the past twenty years. An Ontario provincial election threw out the Liberal government, installed a Conservative regime by the narrowest of margins over a CCF Opposition, and left the Liberals decimated and demoralized. By-elections and Gallup polls indicated that the same fate awaited the Mackenzie King government if an election were to be held immediately.

A strong faction in the Liberal cabinet, led by Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, argued that this meant a reaction against wartime controls—price ceilings, wage ceilings, the controlled economy in general. Claxton believed (rightly, as it turned out) that the voters had precisely the opposite feeling, that they were oppressed by fear of postwar depression and disorganization and that what they wanted was some assurance of security.

Claxton began a private campaign for a restatement of Liberal policy and repair of the Liberal political machine. (Mr. King, in spite of his reputation as a master politician, never had much interest in the mechanics of politics, and the party organization had fallen into a sad state of decay.) One of Claxton's memoranda to the then Prime Minister, a diagnosis of and prescription for the Liberal Party's ills, is still quoted with admiration by connoisseurs of political strategy.

Largely as a result of Claxton's insistence, the executive of the National Liberal Federation was summoned to meet in Sept. 1943. Again under Claxton's persuasion, it adopted a fairly radical set of resolutions—virtually a blueprint of the social security program which has now been largely implemented. Because this advice was being proffered to a government in office, the resolutions had to be kept secret at the time. Claxton, having won a hard fight to get the Liberal Federation to adopt his security program, still had the job of selling it to the prime minister and the cabinet.

He succeeded in that, too. The Speech from the Throne in 1944 contained the promise of Family Allowances, and the election campaign literature (at that time the party intended to go to the people in 1944) was all based on old-age pensions, health insurance, floor prices for farm

Money means a lot to me  
...and you

"I'm on a welding job in Canada's first subway. My pay works out around \$68.50 a week. Like everybody else, I've got to make it go a long way.

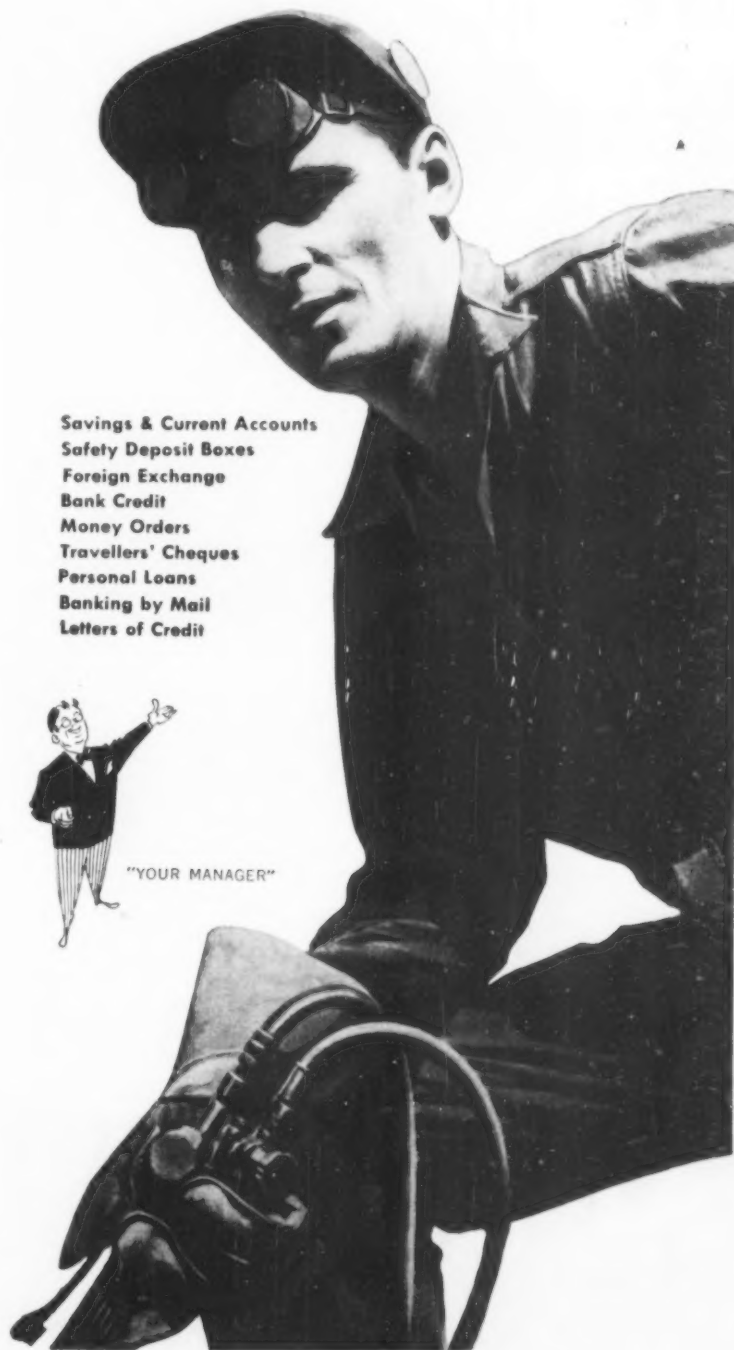
"Besides buying the food and clothes for our family, we've got ideas... like making over our kitchen, buying a new 'frig, and a bike for our girl Judy.

"The only way I can work it is to save the money for these things dollar by dollar... something out of every pay put away at The Bank of Toronto."

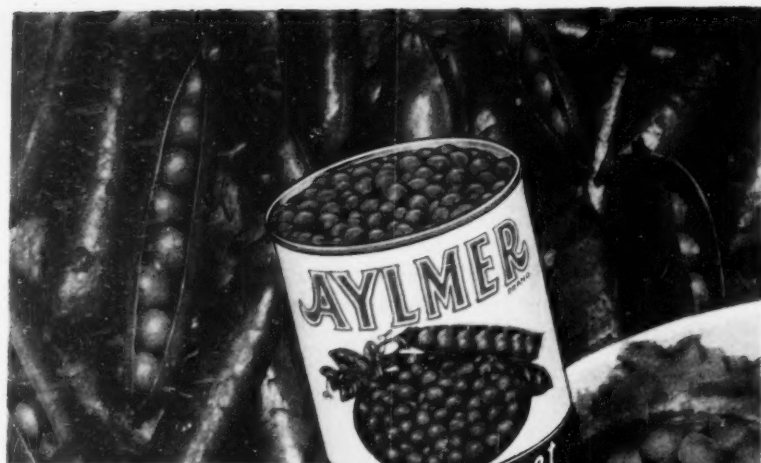
Savings & Current Accounts  
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"YOUR MANAGER"

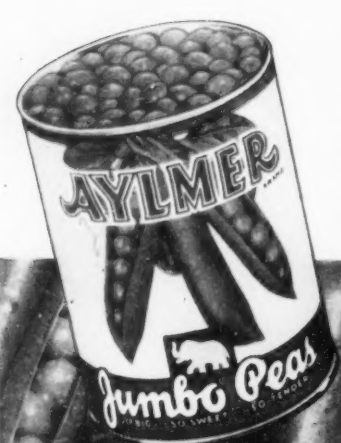


THE BANK OF TORONTO  
Incorporated 1855



dew-drop  
freshness  
brought  
right to  
your table

# Aylmer Peas



## PEAS IN TOMATO ASPIC

1 package lemon jelly powder	1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water	Dash of pepper
1 cup Aylmer tomato juice	3/4 to 1 cup well-drained Aylmer Peas

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Add tomato juice, salt and pepper. Rinse 6 moulds in cold water. Pour 3 tbsp. jelly mixture into each mould and add 2 or 3 tbsp. peas. Allow to partially set. Add remaining jelly mixture. Place in frig. until firm. Serves 6.

Canadian Cannery Ltd., Hamilton

products, etc. For that major trend in Liberal Party policy Claxton was responsible more than any other single individual.

It was appropriate, therefore, that his first cabinet post should be Minister of National Health and Welfare, which he became in Oct. 1944. Claxton picked the team of bright young men who set up the machinery of Family Allowances, an exploit of rapid organization of which he is still proud. He also picked Dr. Brock Chisholm as deputy minister of health; Chisholm's outspoken opinions about God and Santa Claus got him into trouble with the orthodox of all sects, and were a terrible worry to Claxton. He defended Chisholm loyally against the outraged complaints of cabinet colleagues, but he was the happiest man in Ottawa when the World Health Organization took Chisholm off his hands.

At that time most people assumed that Claxton was headed for the External Affairs Department if, as expected, Mr. King made it a separate portfolio. The assumption was correct to an extent that few people realize even now.

King took Claxton as his deputy to the Paris Peace Conference in 1946. He confided one evening that he intended to appoint a Minister of External Affairs and that Claxton was his choice for the job.

Claxton wished nothing better but he had a different suggestion. Louis St. Laurent, then Minister of Justice, had decided to go back to his law practice. Claxton thought (as King did) that it was very important to the Liberal Party and to Canada that St. Laurent be induced to remain in public life and succeed King as prime minister. He had a hunch that if King were to offer St. Laurent External Affairs, St. Laurent might change his mind and stay.

"He won't do it," King replied. "I've spoken to him several times, and he's determined to retire."

However, he agreed to try Claxton's plan and offer St. Laurent External Affairs. It worked.

## The Brass Was Indignant

So instead of the job he wanted, Claxton got the one nobody wanted—National Defense. In Dec. 1946, National Defense offered about as unattractive a prospect as any politician could imagine. The services had to be shrunk to peacetime size, which would be certain to enrage the permanent forces and which the general public wouldn't notice unless something went wrong. Meanwhile the services would remain a very costly item to the continuous irritation of the taxpayer, the Opposition and the Minister of Finance. All these forebodings turned out to be right.

Claxton discovered that as Minister of National Defense he had three automobiles permanently on call, each with a driver—one army, one navy, one air force. Each of the three services had its own motor pool. One of his first acts was to abolish this triplication and reduce the number of staff cars at National Defense Headquarters from sixty-one to sixteen.

Officers above a certain rank were accustomed to some fairly expensive amenities. At an early meeting of chiefs of staff, Claxton struck out an item in the estimates for "mess gear; admirals, for the use of." The Chief of the Naval Staff was very indignant. He argued that these distinctions of rank were indispensable to service morale. Claxton intimated that any admiral who felt his morale deteriorating should report the fact, in person, to the Minister of National Defense. Meanwhile, the admirals' mess gear item would stay out.

## When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

The services were unaccustomed to this treatment. The deputy minister for air took to feeding information to the Opposition press, items intended to show what a fool Claxton was and how wise the air force was in frustrating his schemes. Claxton soon located the leak and fired the deputy minister, after which the discipline in all services noticeably improved.

He then proceeded with a program of service unification which all three disliked at the time, but which they now admit to be an improvement in most respects. All services draw the same pay for corresponding rank, the same grade of clothing, bedding, housing, food and auxiliary services. Each service provides hospital service to the other two, depending on which has the biggest and best facilities in a given area. It is a symptom of the new approach that in the civilian organization of National Defense, the three assistant deputy ministers are assigned not to army, navy and air force but to finance, administration and requirements.

Even while he was cutting down at the top, Claxton began to build up at the bottom. When he came to National Defense there were three hundred and fifty married quarters for all three services, and servicemen's wives and children were living in trailer camps, shanties and single rooms often miles away from their stations. Ten thousand married quarters have now been completed, and this figure will be doubled next year when the contracts already let are completed. Twenty-nine schools for six thousand children have also been built.

Medical service in 1946 was for service personnel only, and it was not uncommon for a soldier's wife to bear a child without assistance because no civilian doctor could be found, although a military hospital with empty beds and an unoccupied staff lay a mile or two away. Service families now get service medical attention.

This concern with the men's welfare was one thing that helped to overcome the services' hostility to their new minister. Another was his own hard work. Claxton set out in 1947 to visit every station, meet every man and master every fact in the Canadian armed forces, and he has succeeded to an astonishing degree. All three chiefs of staff now admit that Claxton knows more about the services, taken as a whole, than any man in Canada.

On his trip to Japan last January he was driving through Kure when he suddenly cried "Stop the car." Claxton jumped out, ran back and tapped a bulky, blue-clad figure on the shoulder.

"Aren't you Chief Petty Officer Martin?" said the Minister of National Defense. The navy man nodded. "I met you last year at Esquimalt," said Claxton.

Far from brooding nowadays over

Continued on page 35



# IF YOUR SIGHTS ARE SET HIGH

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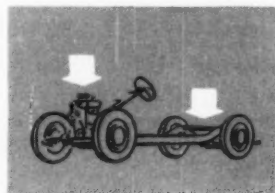
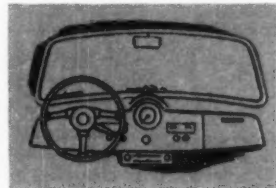
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## PROBLEM IN ACCELERATION



To stand in line is always vexing,  
But what, to me, seems more perplexing  
Is that when I am in a line,  
All lines progress—all lines but mine.

I try to choose a line that's small,  
And then it doesn't move at all;  
But if I change to one that's fast,  
It slows down and ends up last.

Sometimes I find a tiny line  
And feel that I am doing fine,  
Until the sign comes into view:  
"Window closed. Be back at 2."

—Colleen Stanley

Continued from page 32

their suspicion that the Minister is trying to sabotage them, the services now worry about his tendency to defend them at all times against all charges under all circumstances. They know, and Claxton cannot seem to learn, that it's ingratiating to admit a fault and merely infuriating to pretend none exists.

Claxton has as many personal friends in the Ottawa press corps as any other cabinet minister and more than most; he is on mutual first-name terms with every senior reporter in town. Nevertheless he gets a worse press than anyone else in the Cabinet. Usually the reason is Claxton's stubborn insistence that something or other is white which some people think is black and everyone knows is no paler than grey.

A current case in point is the CF-100, the Canadian-designed jet fighter with the Canadian Orenda engine which A. V. Roe is building at Malton, near Toronto. Air force people will admit privately that the CF-100 program is about a year behind what they hoped for when the first prototype was delivered nearly eighteen months ago. Enough trouble developed in 1951 to warrant the wholesale dismissal and replacement of Avro's top management. Airmen still think the CF-100 will be a useful aircraft but they know a year is a long time in the fiercely competitive field of jet development.

Claxton maintains, even privately, that nothing serious has gone wrong with the CF-100 program. He refers to production delays as "bugs" to be expected in any new aircraft. Far from being gratified at this blanket defense, Claxton's own staff finds it intensely annoying.

They have another aircraft production program of which they really are proud—the Sabre jet at Canadair, Montreal. Queen Elizabeth II has referred to the Canadair plant as the most impressive and memorable thing she saw in her whole Canadian tour. Some of its production records beat those of the North American plant in Los Angeles where the Sabre was designed and developed. National Defense officials would like to get credit for the job that's been done on the Sabre; they suspect people won't believe them unless they admit, at the same time, that the CF-100 program has fallen behind.

The Canadair project illustrates another way in which Claxton annoys the Press and the Opposition—his treatment of so-called military secrets.

Canadair is producing approximately twenty Sabres a month, and will be able to increase that rate to fifty within eight or ten months after the U. S. plant is ready to provide the additional engines and other imported parts. Both these facts have been published often and anyone at the Canadair plant will confirm them. Moreover, each Sabre coming off Canadair's assembly line is

numbered; any visitor can see they have produced some two hundred and fifty aircraft in a little less than two years of production.

Claxton answers enquiry about Sabre production with the statement that the rate has never been announced, that it is therefore a military secret, and that press reports referring to production rates are mere speculation.

This attitude on the Minister's part is partly responsible for George Drew's reiterated demand for "more facts" about defense, and for the steady hail of criticism in parliament and press which Claxton has been getting for the past five years.

Claxton affects to disregard these attacks—he keeps a file of John Collins' "Babbling Brooke" cartoons in the Montreal Gazette and in Saturday Night, and two or three Collins originals hang on Claxton's office walls. In fact, this bitter and long-sustained assault has been extremely painful to him. Its effect has been to make him almost morbidly sensitive to criticism and, accordingly, somewhat preoccupied with the mechanics of publicity. Meanwhile he seems confirmed in his resolution to defend his record and his department against every slightest imputation of flaw.

### A Lesson in Tactics

Lately, though, his advisers scored one triumph in this regard which raised their hopes considerably. At a press conference in Rotterdam last fall Claxton was talking about Canada's contribution to NATO. The Canadian Press reported, under Douglas How's by-line, that he had said Canada would pay for European airfields up to a cost of one hundred million dollars.

As a matter of fact the story was not true—How's cable had been expanded on a rewrite desk to put words in Claxton's mouth that he hadn't used. The press conference had been taken down on a tape recorder which proved, beyond all challenge, that the Minister hadn't said anything new in Rotterdam.

Nevertheless various friends and advisers persuaded Claxton not to defend himself. He went to Parliament and said in effect "I didn't mean to say anything amiss, but if I did I'm sorry." Disarmed, the Opposition dropped the matter for good. Whether or not this will turn out to be a lesson to Claxton in parliamentary public relations, it's still too soon to say.

By an odd irony this question of paying for airfields, which Claxton was supposed to have settled so blithely at Rotterdam, was the occasion for one of his more spectacular exploits as Minister of Defense at Lisbon a few months later. Claxton was made chairman of a NATO subcommittee on "infrastructure," the high-priced word by which NATO denotes its own establishment costs (airfields, barracks, sig-



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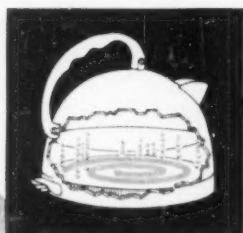
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nal equipment and so on). It was about the knottiest knot NATO had to untie; efforts to do so had failed in Rome and the pessimists expected failure in Lisbon and a serious inner breakdown of NATO's effectiveness.

Claxton literally sweated an agreement out of his eleven colleagues. He called fourteen meetings in ten days, including one which (to the horror of weekend-conscious Europeans) began at eight-thirty Sunday morning and went on all day.

He began by asking each country to tell him, confidentially, the maximum amount it felt able to contribute to infrastructure. The total of these bids came to sixty percent of infrastructure costs. Then he asked each country to submit its own confidential appraisal of what the other eleven countries could produce. This total came very close to his own estimate of the whole amount required. Thereafter it was just a matter of a twelve-sided horse trade to close the gap. Claxton ended, on the last day of the Lisbon conference, with a firm commitment covering ninety-five percent of infrastructure costs and a hasty agreement to share out the balance pro rata.

Altogether it was just the kind of endurance contest at which Claxton excels. Most politicians like parliament but dread elections; Claxton loves them. At least once every five years, everybody has to move at the pace he prefers all the time.

### Of Pomp and Circumstance

During the 1949 campaign he made hardly any speeches of his own, but he volunteered for the major chore of making sure that all advertising and publicity material of the Liberal Party followed the same line in French and in English. He moved into a suite at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal where, for two or three weeks, he reveled in a feast of twenty-one-hour days and gorgeous monumental confusion.

One of his younger aides, taking part in an election for the first time, came in at eight o'clock one morning with a feeling of considerable virtue. He found Claxton sitting in his underwear, with a telephone in each hand; on one he was talking to C. D. Howe in Toronto, on the other to Jimmy Gardiner in Saskatoon. Claxton didn't see anything unusual in the spectacle he presented. He'd been on the phone since a quarter to seven and hadn't had time to dress.

Some people, watching this fury of activity and this frank delight in politics, in pomp and circumstance, in publicity, jump to the conclusion that Claxton is hoping to be the next prime minister. Those who know him best disagree. They say he may have harbored this ambition at one time, but that he gave it up entirely when he tackled the unpopular job at National Defense.

To close friends, Claxton occasionally talks about being weary of the continual rat race in which he has been caught for the last twelve years. He would like more time at home, which he has always enjoyed, and more chance to see the children of whom he is enormously proud. (John is now a practicing lawyer in Montreal, David and Helen Jane, called Boo, are at McGill.) Claxton talks wistfully of going back to private practice or to some job in industry, or even to the cloistered calm of the Bench.

The sophisticated listener, when these bubbles are blown in his direction, has no trouble puncturing them. He simply points out that in no job, at no salary, under no circumstances could Claxton have as much fun as he is having now. ★

## Angel

Continued from page 15

the history of the dividend declarations of every one of his companies, and every borehole result. Only about the few flotations that had failed would his memory have been vague.

They dine late in Paris, not before seven. By six, an hour too early, Tim had finished dressing. It was thus that he had the idea of going for a walk. His destination was not far away. The rue de Bassanot, where the Monchadots lived, was a side street off the Champs-Élysées, between Rond Point and l'Etoile. The walk would take about half an hour. There was no need to take the shortest route.

When he reached the street the sky was still clear and bright. The boulevards were flowing with humanity, the atmosphere quite different from London or even Johannesburg. Here nobody seemed to be in a hurry. People walked not merely for the sake of getting from one place to another. Walking was an occupation and an art, a pleasant opportunity for animated conversation and, in the case of young couples, for close proximity.

As Tim reached the Palais Royal he looked at his watch. It was still early. Slowly he started crossing the square toward the Seine.

**S**UDDENLY a lorry seemed to come toward him from nowhere. There were hundreds of shouts of anguish and angry surprise. Before Tim had realized that he was in danger he felt himself hurled backward. His head collided with some hard object. For a split second his mind became blurred, then consciousness returned and he found himself holding onto the pillar of a street lamp.

"Are you hurt?" asked a female voice. Tim looked around. A woman had laid her hand softly on his forearm. Her petite face expressed genuine concern, mixed, as he perceived a little angrily, with a slight measure of humor.

"I don't think so," he answered, bending down for his hat. As he straightened he observed that she was very lovely in a doll-like fragile way.

Her smile expressed relief but she seemed unable to restrain her amusement.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

As a reply she gave a tinkling peal of laughter. "It did look comical," she said, "you took a colossal jump backward and landed with your head directly against the pole as if you had aimed for it. Your hat must have saved you, otherwise you might have dented that handsome head of yours. Let me have a look."

Without waiting for his consent she bent his head downward and parted his hair, as a mother would her child's. Finding the spot of the impact she caressed it lightly. "Just a bump," she said, "by tomorrow it will be quite big, but it's nothing serious. Are you English?"

Timothy mumbled an affirmative. "I thought so. Not a sound from your lips, though it must have hurt badly."

"What's so English about that?" As he smiled the pain was stabbing at the back of his head.

"I saw it in the hospitals during the war," she explained lightly. "Hiding pain seems to be a game with the English. Terribly uneconomical, I think."

He wanted to reply, but suddenly he felt faint and tried to reach for the pole; instead he put his hand onto her arm. It was only a moment before he was able to stammer an apology.



## WOODLORE

Problem big, problem little,  
Want to see it sure skadiddle?  
Whittle,  
It'll.

—J. L. Cooper

"Don't be silly," she said. "Come, I'll take you to my place."

Somehow this remark sobered him. He looked around. Whatever excitement the sudden threat of an accident had caused had melted away. Like tea over a lump of sugar the traffic had closed over the incident and regained its normal surface.

"I've got an appointment," he said looking at his watch. "I mustn't be late."

"I'm afraid to let you go," said the woman. "You might faint again and really get hurt this time. My place is at the Champs-Élysées, quite nearby. Why not come in and get the dust off your clothes? You could do with a dusting; your hat doesn't look very respectable."

"I think I will," he agreed. "If you like we can walk. I'm not really late."

She nodded and he took her arm. He felt quite his own self again and knew he did not need assistance, but he suddenly wanted to know more about this woman. From under his eyelids he watched her. She must have been about twenty-five, or at most thirty. Under her light summer coat he could see that she was elegantly dressed, even a little overdressed for a walk in the street.

"What's your name?" asked Tim. For a moment she seemed to hesitate. "Just call me Angel," she replied and her smile deepened.

"Angel." He pronounced the word softly and reached for her hand. "Don't you want to know my name? I suppose I should have introduced myself."

"Nonsense. At the hospital we used to call all the English boys Bill."

They had reached the Champs-Élysées and were walking leisurely along the centre pavement. From time to time she looked up at him. And suddenly he almost laughed aloud. Who was this girl? Surely she couldn't be a . . . ? But she must be! Her make-up, her dress so over-elaborate for the street, the fact that she would not admit to any name and called all English boys Bill. It was ludicrous!

"Got a nice place?" he asked.

"Quite cosy."

"Big place?"

"Big enough."

They were crossing Rond Point and Tim grew anxious. Before his eyes appeared the reproachful face of Brandon van Hulsteyn. It would be fatal if one of the guests saw him on the arm of a Paris gold digger. It was becoming clear to Tim that she was heading for the same neighborhood as his host's house. Tim straightened himself and put both hands into his pockets.

"It's getting late, Angel," he said. Somehow he was anxious not to hurt whatever feelings she possessed. In his right trouser pocket he felt a wad of notes. Best to give her a present and let her go right here. What would she expect? A pound was about a thousand francs. One could not stand on Saturday evening on the Champs-Élysées counting out money to a girl. Fumbling in his pocket he tried to recognize the notes. They were large, apparently five-hundred-franc notes. Skilfully he folded three of them to a small size. Then he stopped.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Angel," he murmured, "but I can't afford to be late. Thanks for being kind, all the same. I don't want you to lose, though. Here, take this. Now be a good girl and run along."

Her obvious delight annoyed him. How glad she was to receive her reward without having to earn it! "Couldn't have made much of an impression on her," Tim thought as he rapidly crossed the street.

It didn't take him long to brush up at a café. Only his hat had suffered real damage. This time he meant to take no chances and made the rest of the way in a taxi. Though it was almost seven o'clock when he arrived he was much too early.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am," the Baron greeted him. "The Baroness was involved in a street accident on the way back from her hairdresser and she has only just returned. I hope she'll be down soon."

An illogical but nevertheless chilling suspicion took possession of Tim, but an instant later he felt reassured. It could not possibly be true. The Baron was an enormous man of at least seventy years, with a mustache the size of a sabre. To think of him as the husband of Angel was ridiculous.

A footman brought apéritifs and cocktails, the latter probably in honor of the guest, for Tim noticed that the Baron reached unhesitatingly for the wine.

Again Tim grew uneasy. It could still be as he had suspected, he said to himself. There were such people as second wives.

"I hope the Baroness will not rush on my account. Surely she will have to dress first and that will take a little while," he observed slyly.

"She always dresses before she goes to her hairdresser," replied the Baron. "Otherwise we would stand no hope of seeing her tonight." His laugh was good-humored.

Tim felt an ugly hotness creeping up his back. Angel had certainly been dressed for a party. Only one more question was needed to ascertain the truth.

"I hope the accident was not serious," he remarked guardedly. "Not a collision I trust?"

"Nothing so serious, thank God. There was a horse or something. The Baroness was dazed temporarily, that was all. The funny thing was she couldn't find her car afterward and walked all the way home. By the time she arrived she seemed fully recovered."

Tim was thankful the Baron's attention was diverted at that moment by newly arriving guests. He was hardly able to hear the names of the people to whom he was introduced. At any moment he expected her to come down the wide stairs.

He was on the verge of a panic. Surely this was a situation no man could be expected to face. To find one's way in a bomber over a German town through enemy ack-ack had seemed nerve-racking at the time. At present he remembered those moments as cosy and peaceful.

Apparently guests invited for seven o'clock were expected to arrive at half-past seven, for the door was opening and closing continuously until there were about thirty people in the lounge. Again and again he heard the Baroness' accident discussed and it was only with the utmost effort that he managed to make the meaningless remarks necessary to avoid being considered impolite.

When he found himself alone with an elderly man who looked the banker that he was, Tim at last posed the question that had been burning on his lips.

*Continued on page 39*

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Continued from page 37

"I'm dying to meet the Baroness," he remarked as if casually. "I am told the Baron's second wife is most charming." The word "second" he pronounced with slight overemphasis.

"Is she his second wife—surely not!" was the astonished reply. "I've known the Baron all my life and I would know about any previous marriage."

This time Tim did not allow himself to feel relief prematurely. "Perhaps I misunderstood," he pressed on relentlessly. "I thought a friend of mine told me that the Baroness was much younger than her husband because he married her fairly recently. I must have imagined he said something about a second marriage."

"You must have imagined the whole thing, my young friend," the banker said with a jovial grin. "They've been married exactly twenty-six years. I should know—I was at their silver wedding."

The banker had not expected this piece of news to cause enthusiasm in his hearer. But it did. It did to such an extent that he was a little overwhelmed. Tim shook his hand like a man who had just received promotion or the news of triplets and insisted on having another drink with his new friend.

When next he found himself with the Baron and some of the weighty men who surrounded him Tim was able to converse intelligently and to behave in as sedate a manner as Bradon van Hulsteyn had prescribed.

Not for long. There was a movement among the guests and Angel came majestically down the stairs to greet her guests. Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes widened; delight appeared on her charming face, delight not dampened by the surprise of seeing Tim among her guests, delight that was free of all mockery. She stepped quickly toward him with her hand outstretched and did not seem to notice his utter stupefaction.

"You must be Sir Timothy Bellingway," she greeted him. "Aristide," Angel turned round to her husband, "just imagine! Sir Timothy and I met earlier today. We were both in the accident I told you about and we didn't know each other. I didn't really need his assistance but he managed to pay me a most charming compliment."

**B**Y THE time Sir Timothy Bellingway had returned to South Africa he already knew his French mission had been as successful as the English. Though he still felt slightly bewildered at the peculiar French ideas of what constituted a compliment to a baroness, he was quite wrong in ascribing his success to the support he had received from the Baroness de Monchadot.

Her husband was devoted to his pretty wife but she was of little consequence in his financial dealings and was expected to devote her energy to the maintenance of her youthful appearance, in which sphere she succeeded as well as her husband in his.

What convinced the French bankers that in Sir Timothy Bellingway they were dealing with a man of extremely conservative behavior was not documents or company reports but another circumstance of the delightful story that had made the rounds of the Paris salons.

The Baroness had of course seen to it that her triumph became known to all. It appeared however that the sum of money handed by Sir Timothy to the Baroness had been not three five-hundred-franc bills but three fifty-franc bills—and a sense for thrift at such a trying and delicate moment seemed to the French bankers the essence of wisdom. ★

## The Strike That Terrified All Canada

Continued from page 17

thousand for, five hundred against.

The mass exodus from work began two days later. At 11 a.m. on May 15, Winnipeg's clerks, culinary workers, teamsters, electricians, bakers, printers, caretakers, carpenters, postal workers, plumbers, cooks, tailors, blacksmiths and others streamed out of office, shop and factory. Some caught the last streetcars to run for forty days. Gas stations and restaurants closed up; elevators stopped running. Four hundred of the post office's four hundred and fifty employees struck. About one hundred and sixty firemen in Winnipeg and neighboring St. Boniface also quit. The police force voted almost unanimously for the walkout, but stayed on the job at the urging of the strike committee. Striking waterworks employees left behind a maintenance crew with orders to keep water pressure down to thirty pounds, the second-story level.

In less than two hours almost all the workers of Winnipeg were on strike and the whole productive and distributive machinery of the city was at a standstill. Winnipeggers couldn't receive or mail letters, make phone calls, send telegrams, express parcels or ship by freight. So complete was the post-office breakdown—lasting ten days—that postmaster P. C. McIntyre wired Ottawa to stop sending all but first-class mail. Parcels were piling up like a nonstop Christmas rush.

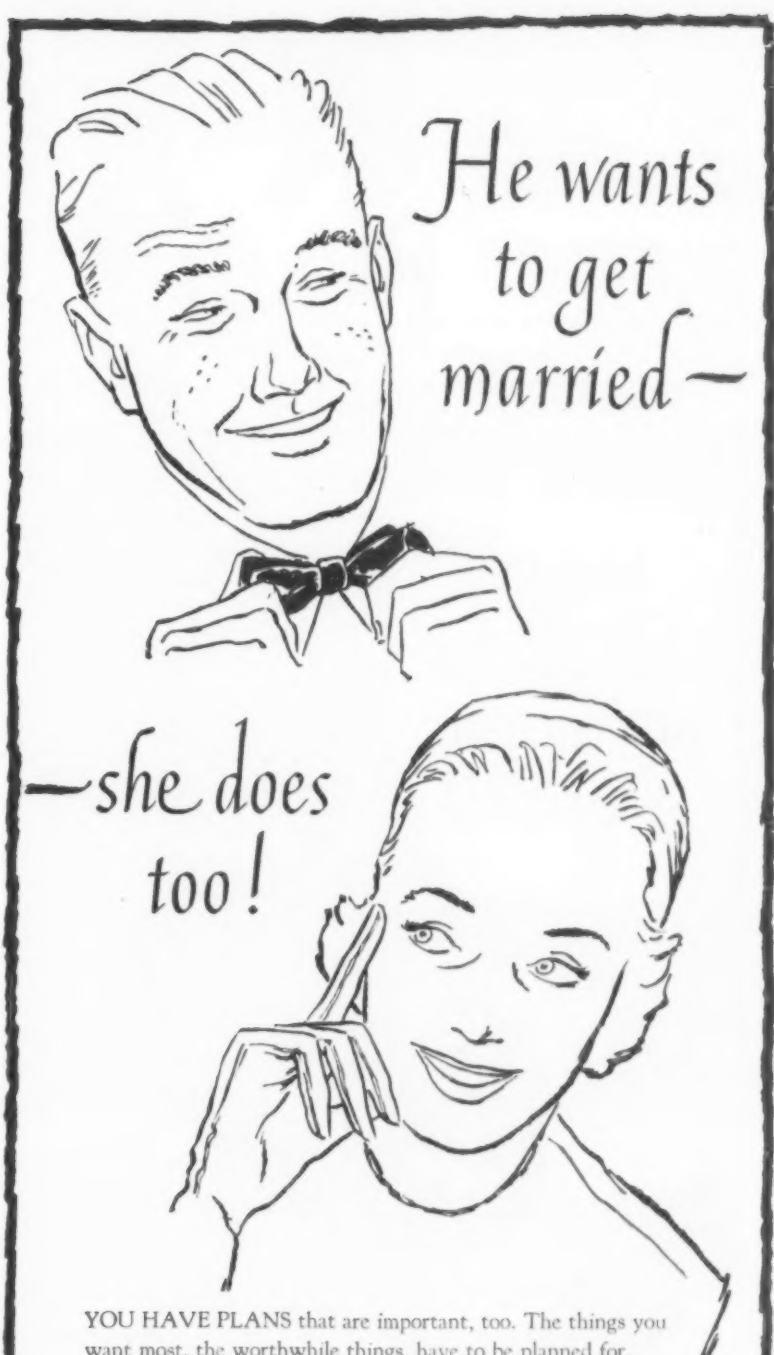
The Trades Council had called out its entire membership of 12,000 and was startled to find from 24,000 to 30,000 on strike within three days. These extra thousands, many of whom had never belonged to a union in their lives, simply came out on their own private protest, as though infected by a contagious strike fever. When strike leaders got to their headquarters, the four-story Labor Temple, they found their own elevator operators had quit work.

Hundreds of grocery stores closed down and wholesalers dispensed goods directly to the public. Some people walked miles into the country to find food; such exercise, some doctors reported, was doing certain of their more puffy patients a lot of good.

The most sensational stoppage was milk and bread, leading to bitter charges that unions were trying to starve infants and invalids. The strike committee ordered the milk and bread wagons back on the job on the second day. Striking firemen, also bitterly assailed by people who visualized themselves at the mercy of fires, offered to provide an emergency crew, but angered city officials spurned their offer.

Having paralyzed the city, the strikers found they had to govern it whether they wanted to or not and control of Winnipeg passed from City Hall to Room Ten of the Labor Temple. Five men—socialist Russell, social democrat Queen, and straight-line trade unionists James Winning, H. Veitch and J. L. McBride—were in charge for the first week; they were immediately dubbed the Red Five by the newspapers. After that the full strike machinery took over, an inner committee of fifteen answering to an outer committee of three hundred, representing all unions involved.

Winnipeg newspapers lashed out at the strikers with lurid charges. STRIKE COMMITTEE GOVERNS CITY, the Winnipeg Tribune cried in a red-ink banner line, adding: "To all practical purposes Winnipeg is now



He wants  
to get  
married—

—she does  
too!

YOU HAVE PLANS that are important, too. The things you want most, the worthwhile things, have to be planned for, saved for. That's not easy, these days. But here are two suggestions that may help you to realize your own particular dream:

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PLAN YOUR BUDGET TO SUIT YOURSELF.

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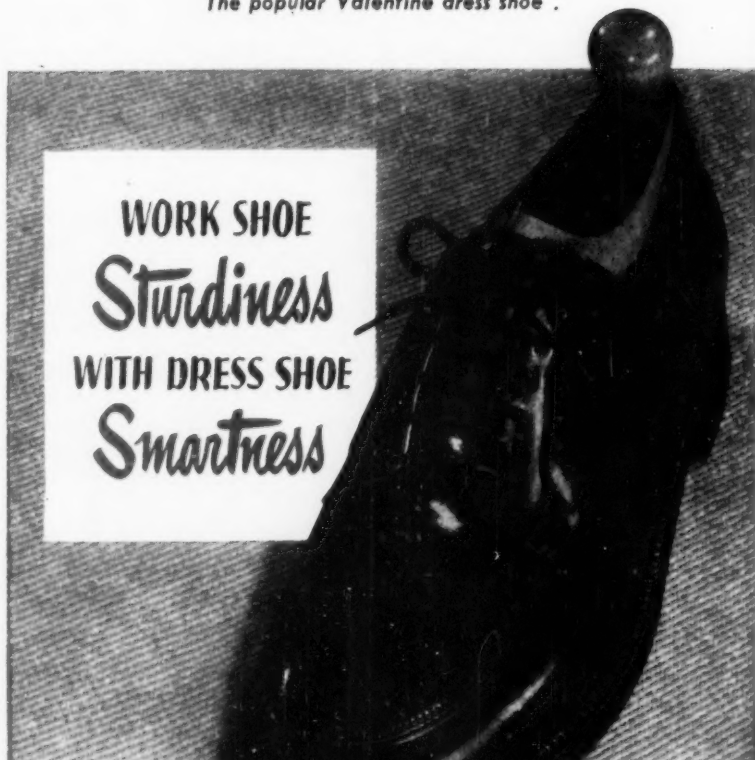
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**VALENTINE**  
*The Value Buy in Shoes*

under the Soviet System of Government." A day later the Tribune and its two competitors the Free Press and the Telegram, disappeared from the streets as stereotypers and pressmen walked out. But the Free Press broke through the news blockade on May 22 with a message to the outside world, beamed from a wireless station it had set up on the roof. Its dispatch, picked up by the University of North Dakota, near Grand Forks, reported that essential services were being maintained and "all reports of violence in Winnipeg unfounded."

Meeting twice daily in the hot weeks of May and June the big strike committee held tumultuous sessions on the fourth floor of the Labor Temple, while down on the first floor in partitioned-off rooms the inner committee grappled with ever-mounting problems. One of the knottiest was getting bread and milk wagons back to work: companies were afraid to send their wagons through strike-bound streets and drivers didn't want to be called scabs. So the Strike Committee issued "permission" placards, twelve by sixteen inches, which read: "Permitted by Authority of the Strike Committee." This weighed heavily against the strike leaders in court later when the prosecution charged that the committee had thus taken licensing authority into its hands, usurping governmental functions.

Holding the strikers in line was another formidable problem. Through the daily Strike Bulletin editor William Ivens blithely urged workers to "just eat, sleep, play, love, laugh and look at the sun." Parades were taboo but meetings were held in public parks and on Sunday the strikers massed into Ivens' open-air Labor Church in Victoria Park. There the ex-minister, jovial and fluent, kept up a verbal fire to bolster morale, assisted by Winning, Russell and others. In spite of warnings, however, crowds gathered ominously on downtown streets.

Meanwhile organized opposition loomed. The Citizens' Committee of One Thousand took shape under the chairmanship of A. K. Godfrey, a grain and lumber merchant; its headquarters was the barnlike Board of Trade building on Main Street. It was composed mostly of professional and businessmen, sincerely convinced that Winnipeg was faced with no mere strike but a plot to "establish Bolshevism and the rule of the Soviet here and then to extend it over the Dominion."

By May 24 the three Winnipeg dailies managed to get back into circulation. The late J. W. Daffoe, editor of the Free Press, thenceforth laid down a steady drumfire against the general strike. The Strike Bulletin and the Citizen, published by the Committee of One Thousand, took pot shots at each other in print. And the Tribune dryly observed that "Winnipeg now has two state capitals."

But the Citizen "capital" slowly wrested control of affairs away from the Strike Committee and power slipped from the Labor Temple to the Board of Trade Building as many middle-class citizens, whose activities had never been more vigorous than opening and shutting a file drawer, began riding fire trucks or pounding sidewalks laden with mail. A volunteer force of three hundred and fifty firemen took over the deserted depots; others staffed the waterworks department and water pressure was raised to normal, much to the relief of those who lived above the second story. When one volunteer mailman left a load of letters at the Labor Temple the Strike Committee angrily told postmaster McIntyre it didn't want its mail.

Meanwhile Mayor Charles Gray and

Premier T. C. Norris tried to get the three leading iron companies—Vulcan Iron Works, Dominion Bridge, and Manitoba Bridge and Iron Works—to compromise on a settlement (their agreement would set the pattern for smaller shops). But they refused to negotiate until the strike was called off. In Ottawa Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden pledged his government to maintain law and order. He dispatched Labor Minister Gideon Robertson to Winnipeg, who got seventy-five postal workers back on the job by threatening permanent loss of their jobs, and recruited new employees.

Minister of Justice Arthur Meighen ordered a squadron of North West Mounted Police, then returning from overseas, to demobilize at Winnipeg and take orders from Commissioner A. B. Perry. General H. B. Ketchen, commanding officer in the Winnipeg district, called out four units of militia and increased ranks with volunteers hastily trained in schoolyards. He looked for help, too, from the 27th Battalion, also returning from overseas, and twenty Lewis guns were placed on board the troop train in boxes marked "Regimental Baggage."

#### The Wealthy Were Alarmed

Across Canada other workers were caught up in the general-strike fever. In Toronto a mass walkout started May 30. It spluttered out in four days, but not before stalwart Torontonians had organized an antistrike Committee of Ten Thousand. Other walkouts took place in Edmonton, Calgary, Port Arthur, Fort William, Brandon, Prince Albert, Regina and Saskatoon. Vancouver workers went out for a month in sympathy with Winnipeg strikers, tied up the waterfront, most communications, logging, breweries, packing houses, sugar refineries and other plants.

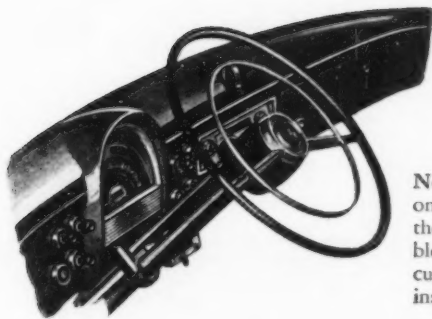
Back in Winnipeg, the supercharged atmosphere flared with new activity as restless returned veterans picked sides. The rank and file of three organizations—Great War Veterans, Army and Navy Veterans and Imperial Veterans of Canada—defied their leaders' wishes and voted full sympathy with the strike. They organized parades through the city and three times marched onto the floor of the Legislative Buildings. There they cheered a lone labor member, Fred Dixon, and booed Premier Norris, demanding that collective bargaining be recognized.

Numbering up to ten thousand, the pro-strike parades carried flags and marched to the skirl of bagpipes and the roll of drums. They were led by ex-serviceman R. E. Bray, socialist and former Methodist lay preacher, and followed by crowds of citizens. Storming City Hall, they booed Mayor Gray and cheered labor aldermen Heaps and Queen. On June 5 a parade of four thousand swung down Wellington Crescent, thoroughly alarming wealthier citizens by singing war songs and pointing at the big homes, saying, "That's the one I'm going to have." Many home owners made preparations to move into barracks and churches.

The air grew tenser when a young lawyer and returned soldier, Capt. F. G. Thompson, organized the Returned Soldiers' Loyalist Association which pledged itself to end the food blockade. Marching to City Hall behind a huge placard, "We Will Maintain Constituted Authority, Law and Order, Down With the High Cost of Living, To Hell With the Alien Enemy, God Save the King," the antistrike soldiers cheered the mayor. Seven hundred of them then signed up as special police.

Continued on page 42





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New Strato-Star 110-Hp. V-8 Engine more powerful than ever with advanced design backed by Ford's unequalled experience in building over 12,000,000 V-8 engines—more than all other makers combined. With the compression stepped-up to 7.2 to 1, you get new high-power, high-compression performance with traditional Ford economy.



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*Ford's new Centre-Fill Fueling cuts down spillage.*



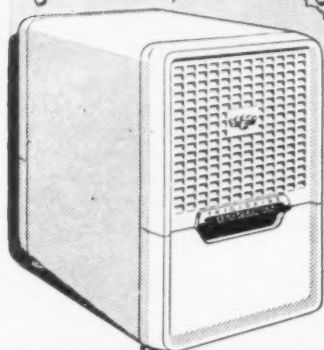
New Centre-Fill Fueling makes "filling-up" convenient from either side of the pump. And with no long filler pipe in the way, the luggage compartment is a suitcase bigger. The rear license plate is hinged to conceal the gas cap.

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**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

*Continued from page 40*

With two parades, one for and one against the strike, shuttling back and forth in the city, many citizens became frankly confused. "Which bunch is this?" asked one bystander as a parade swung down Osborne Street. Some of the soldiers got in the wrong parade by mistake. One day in the first week of June the vanguard of the Loyalist parade caught up with the rear of the pro-strike parade and fighting broke out. But police quelled a possible war between the former brothers-in-arms by arresting fifteen men.

Events moved swiftly toward a climax after June 3 when the Strike Committee, irritated by the lack of government action to support their demands, took the drastic step of once again cutting off all bread and milk supplies and services for vital industries. Volunteers had to truck bread, milk and ice to ten public schools where citizens trudged for blocks to pick up their daily needs.

"The situation is now absolutely serious," declared Mayor Gray on June 6. The same day an aroused Dominion parliament amended the Immigration Act, making it possible to deport any Canadian citizen convicted of sedition provided the offender was born outside Canada. Rumors of a crackdown on strike leaders spread through the city.

Into the fray at this point came two well-known clergymen: J. S. Woodsworth and the Rev. Canon Scott, popular senior chaplain of the First Division in France. Scott made several fruitless attempts to mediate in the strike; Woodsworth, then a longshoreman in Vancouver, threw himself wholeheartedly on the side of the workers.

Bitterness deepened on June 9 when the city council abruptly dismissed all but fifteen of its 140-man police force after each had stated his refusal to sign a no-strike pledge. A force of special police were duly sworn in and when two of them appeared on the corner of Portage and Main the following day a minor riot broke out. Target of a jeering mob that stretched three blocks along Main Street, they were rescued by a detachment of special mounted police who galloped into the crowd, cracking heads with their homemade clubs. Strikers retaliated with a fusillade of flying stones and bottles, kicked the horses' feet and dragged riders down to the pavement. One missile hit Sgt.-Maj. V. G. Coppings, VC, and broke two of his ribs. Before the crowd dispersed five hours later twelve more police were hurt, scores of citizens injured and five persons under arrest.

The expected crackdown on strike leaders came a week later when the strike showed signs of weakening (metal-trades employers had offered a modified form of collective bargaining). Fifty mounted police and five hundred special policemen in the early hours of the morning descended on the homes of ten leaders, roused them out of bed and lodged them in the Rupert Street jail. Arrested were Russell, Queen, Heaps, Ivens, Armstrong and Bray, along with four less prominent leaders. A fifth, Sam Blumenberg, escaped to the United States. Richard Johns was picked up in Montreal where he was on a speaking tour and William Pritchard was taken from a westbound train in Calgary. J. S. Woodsworth was arrested a few days later. Police also raided the Labor Temple, Ukrainian Temple and Liberty Hall, seizing truckloads of literature.

At police headquarters, carpenter Armstrong was placed in a cell he himself had built. Half an hour later the ten men arrested in the early-morning raid were driven to Stony

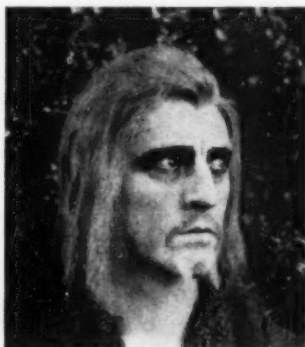
*Continued on page 44*

MACLEAN'S

## HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 10

Grease paint, wigs and rubber noses do their best to turn these seven screen stars into well-known characters of fact and fiction. Can you name the players and the roles they're playing?

(Answers on page 44)



1. His final role burlesqued a greatness that had gone.



2. In a recent movie she was carrying a famous lamp.



3. She gave the world a gag when she wanted to leave.



4. Every Christmas he reads from Dickens on the radio.



5. He's back on Broadway in a big musical comedy hit.



6. This star has many faces and most of them are funny.



7. His brother moved lately and made Canadian history.



7. His brother moved lately and made Canadian history.





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"The European trip went off perfectly... with no mechanical difficulties. Our Morris negotiated Alpine passes with certainty... we were eminently satisfied."

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HOME BOOK SERVICE, Dept. CH-3-52, 210 Dundas Street W., Toronto 2, Canada.

Continued from page 42

Mountain Penitentiary near Winnipeg. They were charged with conspiracy "to excite divers liege subjects of the King, to resist laws..." and with the publication of "false and libellous statements." Press reports said they would be deported within seventy-six hours under authority of the newly amended Immigration Act (all the accused except Armstrong were born in Britain).

Protest meetings immediately mushroomed all over Winnipeg while scores of unions in other parts of Canada demanded a country-wide strike and warned Ottawa against deporting the leaders. Even Toronto's Globe cautioned against "a plan to railroad the strike leaders out of the country." (Meighen had wired special prosecutor A. J. Andrews, KC, on June 17, "I feel rapid deportation is the best course...") Many believe it was this general outcry that stayed the hand of the government and that attempts to deport the strike leaders would have convulsed the whole country in a grand-scale labor uprising.

A few days later all the strike leaders, except four with non-Anglo-Saxon names, were released on bail on condition they would not take part in the strike again.

They kept the promise; but public indignation had already lighted the fuse that touched off a human powder keg twelve hours later, flaming into Winnipeg's Market Square riot of June 21 which came to be known as Bloody Saturday.

About noon that day thousands of returned men marched on the red-brick Royal Alexandra Hotel and sent a delegation in to meet Labor Minister Robertson, Mayor Gray, A. J. Andrews and Commissioner Perry. Urged to call off their parading, the soldiers remained defiant, while all along Main Street swelling crowds shouted for action. Streetcars had just reappeared on the streets and one of the cars stalled in the milling crowd. Someone pulled off the trolley, others rushed inside, drove out the motorman and passengers, tore up the cushions and smashed the windows.

Then suddenly, above the din, the clatter of hoofbeats sounded on the hard asphalt of Main Street and red-and-khaki waves of Mounties appeared from the direction of Portage Avenue. Riding fanwise from curb to curb they forced the mob back to the walls of buildings. From near the Royal Alexandra Hotel a second contingent of Mounties arrived; they galloped into the crowd around City Hall, swinging sticks, but were slowed to a walk in the churning mass of strikers, soldiers and citizens. One Mountie went down and his horse ran wild; a second fell, bleeding about the head; and others retreated back to Portage Avenue amid a shower of tin cans, stones and chunks of concrete, with two riderless horses.

Amid the wild confusion Mayor Gray emerged on the steps of City Hall and read the Riot Act. But his voice was lost in bedlam as the Mounties pressed forward again. Each transferred his club to his left hand and drew a revolver with his right. Riding into the square they fired a volley. A bystander gasped, "My God, they're shooting to kill!" as everyone plunged for shelter.

Suddenly the stalled streetcar in front of City Hall burst into flames. A woman had applied a match to the seat cushions. When the crowd tried to upset the burning car police fired a second volley. Mike Sokolowski, standing in front of the Manitoba Hotel, dropped dead with a bullet in his heart. Then a third burst came from the police revolvers as the Moun-

ties broke loose from the angry mob hemming them in and rode toward Portage Avenue under a rain of missiles. Scores of injured were now lying in the streets.

For the second time the Mounties regrouped but now they were reinforced by the special police on foot who formed a curb-to-curb cordon, swinging sawed-off baseball bats. Driven back, the crowd broke and ran. About two hundred rushed into a lane near City Hall (later called Hell's Alley) and were cornered as the specials entered from both ends. The specials attacked with revolvers and clubs while the crowd struck back with cast-iron pipes and bricks. Two policemen were hurled from a roof. It was the shortest but hottest encounter of the day ("Had trench action beaten," said one striker) and produced twenty-seven casualties in ten minutes before military ambulances and Red Cross workers cleared the lane.

Order had been pretty well restored when a stream of cars bearing soldiers with fixed bayonets and trucks with machine guns arrived. By six o'clock Main Street was deserted, the once-riotous road silent except for the steady tread of soldier patrols. Martial law had not been declared but the city was virtually under the military until midnight. Ninety-one persons were in jail; thirty were in hospital, including six Mounted Police officers, and Steve Schezerbanowes, shot in both legs, who later died from gangrene. The Winnipeg General Strike was over.

### And a Common Nuisance

Officially the strike stopped the Wednesday after Bloody Saturday, June 25, although some diehards refused to go back to work even then.

The court trials that followed were as impassioned as the strike itself. The crown claimed that eight of the strike leaders—Russell, Queen, Heaps, Pritchard, Ivens, Bray, Johns and Dixon—had a common design aimed at introducing a Soviet form of government into Canada, undermining the constitution, stirring up class hatred, calling an unlawful general strike with threats of other strikes, attempting to usurp governmental powers, organizing an unlawful association of workmen of Canada (the One Big Union) and being a common nuisance. This conspiracy, it said, was nurtured and developed at the Walker and Majestic theatre meetings, at the Calgary convention where the OBU was born, at meetings of the Winnipeg Labor Council, at various other assemblies, in the labor papers, in private letters and finally through the Winnipeg general strike.

Russell, whom the court elected to try separate from the other seven, came to trial in November. After twenty-three days of actual sitting at day and night sessions of the Manitoba Court of King's Bench he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Six of the others were tried as a group in stormy sittings from Jan. 22

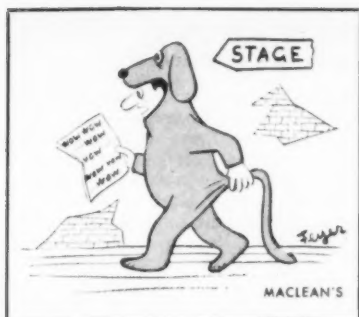
Answers to

### MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK

(See page 42)

- 1, John Barrymore as Don Juan; 2, Anna Neagle as the Queen in Victoria the Great; 3, Greta Garbo as Queen Christina; 4, Lionel Barrymore as Rasputin in Rasputin and the Empress; 5, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion in the Wizard of Oz; 6, Alec Guinness as Lady Agatha D'Ascoyne in Kind Hearts and Coronets; 7, Raymond Massey as Cardinal Richelieu in Under the Red Robe.





to April 7, 1920. Queen, Heaps, Pritchard and Ivens, as able as any set of lawyers in the field of oratory, defended themselves. Heaps spoke for almost a full day in his address to the jury and came away scot-free on all charges. Ivens spoke with ministerial fury for fourteen hours; Pritchard's speech went to two hundred and sixteen printed pages and Queen's self-defense, studded with sarcastic thrusts, kept the court on edge for hours. Johns and Bray were defended by counsel. Bray was convicted on one charge only: that of being a "common nuisance" and was sentenced to six months' jail; the other five were found guilty of all seven counts and got a year at the prison farm. In a third trial in January and February Dixon came before Mr. Justice Galt on a charge of seditious libel. A jury spent forty hours behind locked doors then freed him. A similar charge against J. S. Woodsworth was then dropped. Among the future CCF leader's alleged libels was a passage he had quoted from Isaiah: "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees and that write grievousness which they have prescribed . . ." (X, 1).

Through all the trials an unseen presence seemed to loom in the courtroom as the real villain of the piece. This was the One Big Union. The conspirators' dream of power centred in the OBU, the prosecution implied: this was the link between the socialists, this radical union ideal that inflamed the minds of men and used the general strike as its weapon.

Today, thirty-three years after this most turbulent chapter in the annals of Canadian labor, one question continues to stir argument in Manitoba: was the Winnipeg strike a simple bid for higher wages and union recognition, or was it part of a grand conspiracy by a few men to take over the country?

Against the prosecution's mountainous evidence (seven hundred and three exhibits against Russell alone) the defense stoutly insisted there had been no conspiracy as the accused were not members of the same political parties and often quarreled among themselves; that the strike was simply a strike for collective bargaining and higher pay.

Perhaps the coolest analysis ever made was that of Dr. D. C. Masters, history professor at Bishop's University, formerly of United College, Winnipeg. In his book, *The Winnipeg General Strike*, published by the University of Toronto Press in 1950, he pointed out: all the accused represented left-wing labor thought on the British pattern, not in the Russian revolutionary tradition; that they were the forerunners of the CCF, not the Communist Party; talked loosely about soviets but were opposed to terrorism, and none became Communists in later years; that if the general strike had revolutionary aims there would be more evidence of preparation, whereas the Strike Committee exercised only fumbling efforts, strove to keep the workers off the streets and did not arm them. The radicals were not the decisive agents in bringing on the strike; it was the result of "a wave

of feeling on the part of all elements in the Winnipeg labor world, radicals and conservatives alike," Masters said.

As for the OBU, he wrote: "In a way the OBU was a conspiracy to secure control of the country" but its preamble urged nothing more drastic than education of the workers toward the day when goods would be made for use, not for profit. Farther, Russell and Armstrong were the only two active in both the OBU and the strike.

Masters' final opinion, looking at the strike as a whole, was that while there were extreme and radical elements in it, "There was no seditious conspiracy and the strike was what it purported to be, an effort to secure the principle of collective bargaining."

Whatever doubts remain on that score there could be no denying some of the very real results of the strike. It gave a cloak of martyrdom to the leaders and to the western labor movement as a whole, contributing to the rise of the Independent Labor Party, the CCF and Social Credit on the prairies; and it drove home one hard lesson, present thereafter in labor disputes across the country: the grudging acknowledgment by both labor and capital that each side was determined and tough, neither could dominate, both must seek compromise. There has never been another general strike in Canada since the great Winnipeg walkout.

By the spring of 1921 the strike leaders were all free men again. They entered a new world where hopes for Utopia were shelved for piecemeal improvement of conditions. They were received by thousands as heroic labor statesmen and hoisted into high office. Queen was elected mayor of Winnipeg for seven terms and he also became a member of the Manitoba legislature; he died in 1946. Woodsworth was elected federal member for Winnipeg North Centre in 1921; only death in 1942 dislodged him from that seat and meanwhile he became first national leader of the CCF in 1932. Heaps joined Woodsworth in the House of Commons from 1925 to 1940 and is now a Montreal businessman. Ivens was also elected to the Manitoba legislature and is now a CCF organizer in Winnipeg.

Armstrong is retired in California. Pritchard became reeve of Burnaby, B.C., and was for a time chairman of the Union of B. C. Municipalities; he is now retired on the west coast. Bray worked for the OBU for a time and now grows gladioli commercially in Vancouver. Dixon is dead; he was re-elected to the Manitoba legislature after his prison term and retired in 1923. Johns became a teacher at St. John's High School, then director of technical education for Manitoba and is now director of Winnipeg's large new vocational school.

And Bob Russell, singled out as the top conspirator, stayed with the doomed ideal of the One Big Union. Today a man of sixty-three, his ruddy Scots features deeply grained, he moves about a small second-floor office in Winnipeg where the ghostlike visage of Karl Marx stares out of a faded picture frame on one wall to a group of cheery red-coated English squires on the other. The ghost of the OBU seems to move with him. Its great promise had faded by 1922 as unions rejected the regional organization plan, although a few diehard unions have remained faithful these thirty-three years. Russell is their organizer.

New generations of Winnipeggers hurrying along Portage and Main have scant knowledge of the general strike that once shook their city; older folk remember it with a nostalgic shudder. ★

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## Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

IS A TROPICAL SUIT REALLY COOL?

Cool as a cucumber is the expression used by clothing people when they talk about their summer weight suits. Of course, tropics aren't as cool as slacks and a sports shirt, but they're a lot more comfortable than a regular weight business suit. It stands to reason they must be, because the average suit is made from fabric weighing anywhere from 15 to 18 ounces to the yard and tropical weights run from 9 to 12 ounces.

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## Biggest Twins in History

Continued from page 21

pounds—and was still growing—when an infection, caused by a chafing foot-brace, ended his precarious career.

Oddly enough, the Leavy boys each weighed twice as much at birth as the famous Jack Earle, a San Francisco wine salesman who began life as a puny premature four-pounder. Earle, another pituitary case, today at forty-six weighs about four hundred pounds and his height is eight feet, six and a half inches.

Quite different from such titanic prodigies of nature, the Vancouver twins are completely normal in their glandular and structural characteristics. Dr. David Steele, the family's physician since 1939, says Jack and Leo have blood pressure slightly higher than the average for their ages, but their hearts and other organs are perfectly sound, "and with any luck at all they should both live to a ripe old age."

In their hopes for a long and hearty life the twins certainly have heredity on their side. They are descended from two lines of tenacious Irish ancestors. Their father's parents are still in good health at eighty-one and seventy-four. Their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Corinne Rafuse, of Vancouver, is seventy-one; her husband was seventy-nine when he died. The senior Mrs. Leavy had six boisterous uncles over six feet tall and they all lived well into their seventies or eighties.

Like most men of truly imposing dimensions, the twin giants easily manage to stay out of brawls: few antagonists are rash enough to tackle them.

Vancouver, in common with most North American cities, is occasionally bothered by roving gangs of zoot-suited exhibitionistic teen-agers. Three of these apprentice hoodlums recently shambled into a restaurant where Jack Leavy, enjoying a midnight snack with a friend, had just put a nickel in a counter juke box. One of the newcomers soon began nasally mocking the pleasant balladry of the recording, almost drowning out the singer. Leavy, who looks a lot less formidable than usual when sitting down, politely protested.

"Aaah, shaddap!" the tough youth retorted.

The giant shrugged and said nothing more, but a couple of minutes later he stood up to pay his bill and go, and on the way out his companion heard the zoot-suiter exclaim in a paralyzed

whisper, "Hey, look — I told that to shut up!"

Although the Leavy twins would barely have reached the shoulders of such a mastodon as Robert Wadlow, they are so much larger than the common run of humanity that they are continually beset by many of the problems and vexations that tormented him. There is, for example, the little matter of corny kidding. The brothers believe they could retire in luxury if they had five cents in cash for every time they've heard the wheeze, "Say, big boy, how's the weather up there?"

It is anguish for these huge fellows to cram their bulk into theatre seats and it is utter frustration for the squirming customers behind them. They must be constantly on their guard against doorways, beams, water pipes, chandeliers, and even ceilings, all of which lurk in ambush to crack their skulls if they aren't careful. The family bathtub, commodious enough for their burly father, seems toy-sized to the twins. They have never experienced the simple delight of stretching out full-length in hot soapy water.

### Leo's Thirty-Minute Lead

"Squeezing into the average telephone booth is like trying to crash into a doghouse," says Leo. "And, once I do get in, my fingers are too big to operate a dial phone in comfort. Mostly I use a pencil."

The twins' clothing costs them about twenty percent extra for oversize. A "sixty-five-dollar suit" sets one of them back at least eighty dollars. Their suit size is fifty-four. Their shoes, size fifteen, don't have to be specially made, but they are imported from England and retail in Vancouver at twenty dollars a pair. Their shirts must have twenty-inch collars and forty-inch sleeves. Most men with twenty-inch necks are bull-shaped shorties, with arms that end around the Leavy elbows. Despairing of finding what they need the twins often compromise by buying size twenty shirts and cutting off the sleeves halfway.

To save themselves a bit of money, and also because they frankly enjoy the perpetual muddle about their identities, the brothers always dress exactly alike. This extends even to such details as shorts, socks, handkerchiefs, types of shoelaces, and ties. Most of the time they are not quite sure if they are wearing their own clothes or not.

"If there's any money in the pockets," Leo says with a massive chuckle, "Jack claims it's his."

Even their parents sometimes have trouble distinguishing one twin from the other.

"If the boys swap chairs while I'm out of the room for a minute," says Mrs. Leavy, "or if one of them walks in alone I often call them by the wrong names. When they're asleep it's just about impossible to tell them apart. The same applies when they are both laughing, which is what they are doing a good deal of the time."

A few years ago the Leavy boys occasionally went around with identical twin sisters. "Damnedest confusing foursome you ever saw," one old friend of the big men testifies. "They were nice girls, but I was glad to see the combination finally break up."

Actually, a close observer soon notices that Leo's expression in repose is slightly more serious than Jack's. This is a circumstance which Leo blandly explains by pointing out that he is older than his brother and therefore more thoughtful and responsible. His margin of seniority is thirty minutes.

All their lives the twins have had similar likes and dislikes in people, books, studies, hobbies, and amusements. They passed and failed in the same school subjects, simultaneously fell victim to the usual childhood ailments, graduated together from high school and university. They toiled side by side in spare-time jobs, hoisting Christmas mailbags at the post office, moving milk cans in a creamery, and putting labels on herring tins along the waterfront. At UBC they both studied agriculture and later worked together for the federal government until November 1949 when Jack reluctantly quit his job rather than accept a compulsory transfer to Edmonton, which would have meant a long separation from his brother.

Today Leo is a federal inspector in the Pacific Meat Co. Ltd. plant in Marpole district. Jack works behind the counter in the B. C. government's Hornby Street liquor store in downtown Vancouver.

Most of the half-dozen cameras around the house belong to Jack, and most of the dozen guns belong to Leo, but both are interested in photography and firearms. The twins are prominent in amateur theatricals and, naturally, much in demand for skits which call for twin giants.

As with most identical twins, the Leavys have almost identical handwriting. Each has a double-jointed left thumb. When Jack had appendicitis, Leo got false pains. Their mother says a psychic bond links the two brothers and claims that they talk backward and forward to each other in their sleep.

Every Sunday morning, in the beautiful little Catholic church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, in West Point Grey, the twin giants are ushers at the nine-o'clock Mass.

The brothers each drink two quarts of milk a day, but they never touch tea or coffee. They are occasional and moderate users of alcoholic beverages, which have no more effect than soda pop on their Cyclopean constitutions. "We've never been drunk in our lives," Jack Leavy told me. "We wouldn't dare. Who could carry us home?"

The twins are co-presidents of the Vancouver Tip Topper Club, the members of which are men of six feet, two inches or taller and women whose height starts at five feet eleven. The organization is linked with similar groups across Canada and the United States through the American Affiliation of Tall Clubs. Jack and Leo are the biggest in the Vancouver unit.

Since high-school days the Leavys have never met anyone they couldn't look down on. ★

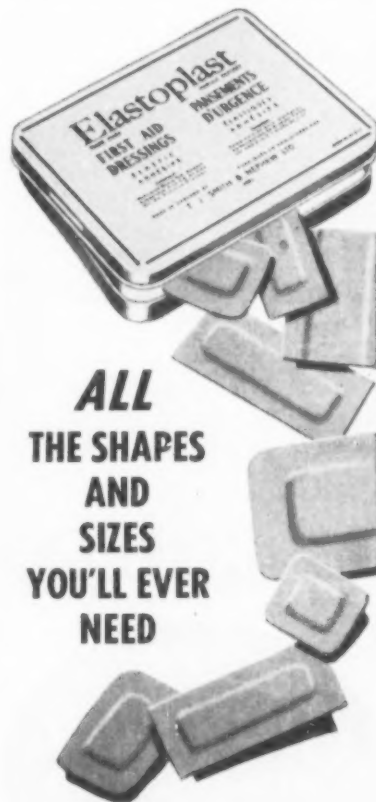
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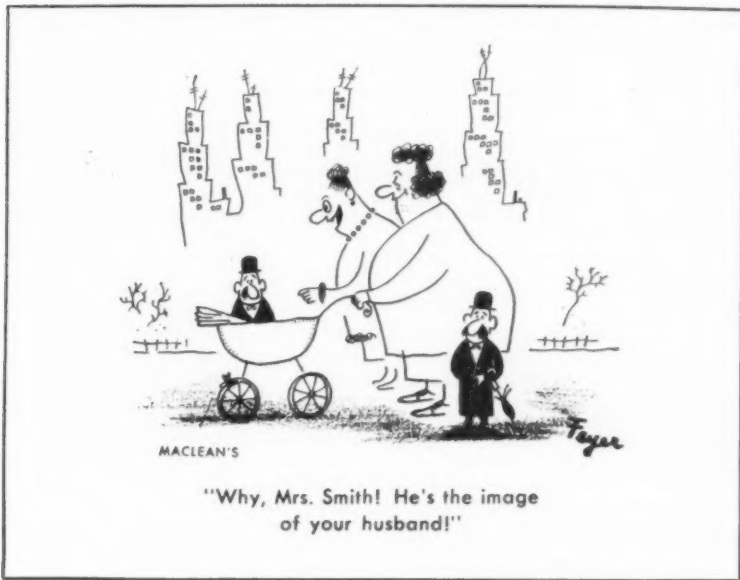
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## Caterpillars Are Coming

Continued from page 23

been munched down to the bare twigs it roams around and eats practically everything except poison ivy. A diet of poplar seems to do extraordinary things to its sex life. If poplar-fed the caterpillar which becomes a female moth lays twice as many eggs as one reared on other fare, such as some unfortunate gardener's spinach. This is why infestations of forest tent caterpillars have become more devastating. Poplar springs up in dense second-growth stands after forest fires. Thousands of square miles of forest once pine and hardwood are now predominantly poplar. The result has been a super-race of tent caterpillars.

Northerners who think they have their troubles with caterpillars can experience a revengeful satisfaction in the knowledge that the insect has its troubles too. Probably fewer than one out of every hundred of last summer's eggs will successfully complete their life history and become adult moths this summer.

The yellowish-brown moths with a wingspread of about one and a quarter inches appear in late July and each female lays from one hundred to three hundred and fifty eggs. Birds eat the eggs by millions, but the main foe both to eggs and the caterpillars later are diseases and other insect parasites. No matter how small, every creature has a smaller parasite which lives upon or in it and the tent caterpillar has more than its share.

The eggs remain on the trees all winter and if they survive birds and parasites each egg hatches into a tiny caterpillar in May. The entomologists call this the insect's larval stage. By late June each caterpillar is one-and-a-half inches long, a couple of thousand times heavier than when born six weeks before. When they strip the tree on which they were born they drop to the ground and move like an army in search of another tree not already stripped by others which have preceded them. Frequently they die of starvation in the search.

In the larval stage the battle with parasites becomes fierce. At least twenty-five parasitic species of wasps and flies seek out tent caterpillars on which to deposit their own eggs. The caterpillar is defenseless against them and may have a dozen minute parasite eggs deposited on it, or just beneath the skin. Only one is required to kill it.

When the parasite egg hatches, the grub begins eating into the doomed tent caterpillar's tissue. With ghoul-like precision it avoids the caterpillar's vital organs because the parasite can't afford to have its host die until the parasite itself is mature.

If the tent caterpillar doesn't die of starvation, if it isn't eaten by birds, if it doesn't drown in a thunderstorm, if it doesn't die of disease (it has a host of virus and bacterial parasites as well) and if it isn't killed too soon by an overzealous internal parasite that ate too much too fast, it is ready when full grown for the next stage of its life history. Appetite is now replaced by wanderlust. It drops from the tree and roams in search of a cranny in which to spin a cocoon. The cocoon is an oval-shaped jacket of yellow silk and within it the transformation from a caterpillar to a moth takes place. In this silken sleeping bag the caterpillar becomes a brown shell-encased pupa and the pupa, in turn, develops the sex organs and delicate wings of the adult moth.

But if the caterpillar harbored a

parasite or two before it started to pupate the parasite grubs are still eating. The tent caterpillar pupa dies, eaten alive from within.

If the tent caterpillar has been one of the lucky few and remained unparasitized, the moth emerges in ten days or two weeks. For the first time the insect now has a sex. Female moths stay close to their cocoons until a mate finds them. Their love life is not very clearly understood, but it appears that the males find them by scent.

After the eggs are laid, ensuring a new generation, the moths live four or five days, swarming to lights, eating nothing, and then die.

The odds against any one completing the life cycle and emerging as a moth are high. But nature stacked the cards so that the tent caterpillar as a species can hardly lose. One pair of moths may leave three hundred and fifty eggs. If only four of these, or about one percent, survive to maturity the tent caterpillar population will be doubled the next year.

Man is virtually helpless against the power of increase possessed by the tent caterpillar. Individual owners can protect their own properties with DDT sprays, but effective widespread aerial spraying is out of the question, for at six hundred dollars a square mile this would cost millions.

Private property owners can sometimes remove the egg clusters with a pruning pole and destroy the caterpillars before they hatch, or a DDT spray from a hand pump or tank sprayer will destroy practically all the caterpillars if applied in May just after they have hatched. A spray of water and "wettable" DDT should be used. Oil solutions in drenching sprays from ground-operated equipment burn and injure trees.

### Nature's Great Destroyer

If there are unsprayed poplars within a quarter mile, however, caterpillars from these will move in. They may be kept out in sandy soil by surrounding the protected area with a steep-sided, six-inch-deep trench. The caterpillars fall in and can't climb out. In hard soil a trench won't stop them. In fact, one Sault Ste. Marie tourist proprietor's sand trench didn't stop them last year. It filled up with caterpillars, then those behind crawled across without knowing the trench was there. A surer method is to spray a twenty-foot strip surrounding the property with DDT.

Caterpillars can be stopped on a wide scale only by parasites and disease. Occasionally epidemics are wiped out when severe late spring frosts destroy the larvae. Starvation is frequently an important agent in reducing the populations. But the enemy that finally routs the tent caterpillar hordes with a defeat so decisive that it takes the caterpillars ten years or more to recover is either disease or the parasites.

Last year a virus disease caused practically a hundred percent mortality among caterpillars in some areas around Thessalon. But throughout the north parasites generally appear to be waging the main battle.

Parasites, which have a tough time to survive when caterpillars are scarce, may be so rare in the first year of a new outbreak that only one percent or less of the caterpillars are attacked. But as the caterpillars increase so do the parasites. Usually, nature's great destroyer—starvation—weights the balance suddenly in the parasites' favor.

Here is what a census of a typical segment of tent caterpillar population might show. The first year's population

might be ten thousand caterpillars and one hundred parasite larvae—a parasitism incidence of one percent. By the second year these would multiply to one hundred thousand caterpillars and five thousand parasite grubs—a parasitism of five percent. The third year might start with one million caterpillars and enough parasites to wipe out one hundred thousand, a potential parasitism of ten percent. But by this time the caterpillars have multiplied far beyond the point where there is enough food to support them and nine hundred thousand of those one million caterpillars may starve.

The parasites attack only mature larvae or pupae; there is no wastage of parasite eggs on half-grown caterpillars which are going to starve anyway. So, by the time the parasitic flies and wasps attack, starvation has already reduced that million caterpillars to one hundred thousand. This is just about what the parasites can handle, so that potential parasitism of ten percent has suddenly become one hundred percent, or close to it, and the tent caterpillar has lost another campaign.

Where are we now in that bugs vs. bugs battle? In many areas parasites appear ready for the knockout punch this summer. In some sections the parasites appear to have yet another year or two to go before they gain supremacy.

Every June scientists put a finger on the pulse of the battle by collecting sample lots of tent caterpillars and pupae and examining them for parasitism. As a cross-check, egg counts on sample trees are made each fall. Forest insect rangers like wiry Jim McDonald, of the Soo, do this work under the direction of Dr. M. L. Prebble, the young red-headed director of the federal government's forest insect laboratory at Sault Ste. Marie.

Prebble's expert on parasitism, Lloyd Sippell, expects that the parasitism incidence may hit ninety-five percent in many areas this year.

But even as the battle surges toward the inevitable tent caterpillar defeat, nature is already paving the way for a future tent caterpillar comeback.

The most numerous parasite, the one which is building up to strike the tent caterpillars' coup de grâce, is a big blue fly, resembling an overgrown housefly with red eyes, black stripes, and a droning flight that makes him sound like a miniature jet plane. Scientists call him *Sarcophaga aldrichi*. Northerners know him as the Mexican horse-fly.

The female "horsefly" is parasitism's perfectionist. She doesn't waste time with eggs, she deposits on the cocoon a living maggot that starts eating at once. As a parasite this maggot is a hundred-percenter from whom nothing escapes. Other parasite species can live side by side in the same tent caterpillar pupa. But not this one. If there are other parasites ahead of it they too are eaten.

In a grim sort of way this is a boon for the tent caterpillar. The slaughter is so complete that, ironically, it assures that the tent caterpillar as a species will survive. For, in wiping out the tent caterpillars, the fly also wipes out all other parasites. A small number of tent caterpillars escape and produce the next generation and now *Sarcophaga* is their only foe. But the caterpillar population is so low that now even the killer fly can't find them, and its population also slumps to near-zero.

The tent caterpillar, in defeat, has actually won. Its armies are reduced a millionfold, but the comeback ahead is practically unopposed and in another decade the caterpillars return in their billions. ★



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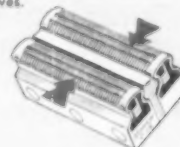
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## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

nature had been allowed to take its course he'd have become Speaker of the next parliament. So he went to the Bench, and the by-election followed.

Waterloo North is another Liberal fortress which the Grits don't really expect to lose. It includes Mackenzie King's birthplace. Louis Breithaupt, now Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, had a majority of ten thousand in 1949, and no Conservative has carried Waterloo North since 1911. Nevertheless, it's a tricky riding, a predominantly German district with its own views about the Atlantic Pact and the future of Germany, and elections tend to awaken a variety of sleeping dogs. Also, as in all "safe" seats, there is rivalry for the Liberal nomination and resultant bitterness no matter who gets it. All in all, the Liberals will be glad to be shut of Waterloo North.

Experience has taught them, too, that wherever the Opposition parties have any strength at all, they get out the vote for a by-election more easily than the Government can.

There have been twenty-two by-elections since the general election of 1949, and seventeen of them have left the representation unchanged. The other five were all Progressive Conservative gains from the Liberals. In those five seats the total Conservative vote was only 2,727 votes higher than it had been in the general election, when Liberal majorities had totaled sixteen thousand. But the Liberal vote in the five ridings dropped twenty thousand below the general-election total and thus gave a handsome by-election majority to the Progressive Conservatives.

Some ridings in Canada are so decisively Liberal that no falling off in the turn-out of Liberal voters could defeat the party's candidate. But few of the six ridings contested during May can be put in this category.

Except for Gloucester, the only riding of the six where the Grits felt entirely happy was Brome - Missisquoi, Que., which had not been opened by government decision at all but by the death of Henri Gosselin. They had some worried moments at the outset but as soon as they persuaded Maurice Halle to run again they relaxed.

Major Maurice Halle was MP for the riding from 1940 to 1949. In 1943, while serving with the Royal Canadian Artillery, he seconded the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. When he finished a brief, eloquent speech in his own language, the late Mackenzie King said to a friend: "There spoke a future prime minister of Canada."

Halle is still young enough for the prophecy to come true, but he seemed to have no political ambitions. He made no more speeches. In eight subsequent and three previous sessions his name never once appears in the index of Hansard. Before the 1949 election he retired to go back to horse breeding. With Halle back in the field the Liberals had no doubts about winning in Brome-Missisquoi — until favorite son Halle failed to win the nomination at the local party convention.

This development was not quite as disastrous as it sounds. Winner J. L. Deslières and loser Halle are good friends and no real party split developed. Still, it was a reminder to the Liberals of the vanity of human wishes.

Moreover, in the foregoing ridings, Progressive Conservatives have nothing to lose. They think they have better candidates than usual in several

of them, which is encouraging especially in Quebec and in French-speaking Gloucester. They are not expected to win any of the five, and thus will suffer no loss of face in defeat.

Ironically enough, the PCs' worst troubles came in Victoria - Carleton, N.B., the only one of the six which had been a Conservative seat.

Only once at a general election (1935) has Victoria-Carleton gone Liberal. The late Heber Hatfield recaptured it in 1940 in the teeth of a Liberal landslide and held it without difficulty in two more general elections. For Heber Hatfield it was a safe seat. For any other Conservative (in the PCs' own opinion) it isn't safe at all.

Heber Hatfield had been no friend of George Drew but he changed this opinion before he died. George Drew used to go out to see him almost daily at the Ottawa Civic Hospital and bring him pots of a favorite soup which Mrs. Drew made for him. If Hatfield had got better he might well have made his riding solid for Drew, but George Drew knew Heber Hatfield wasn't going to get better. Meanwhile, the Conservatives of Victoria-Carleton knew what Heber's opinion used to be, but they knew nothing of Heber's change of mind.

After Hatfield's death the party's first thought was to play it safe. They asked Mrs. Hatfield, an able and personable woman, to carry on for the rest of her husband's term only, a plan which would probably have got her an acclamation. She declined.

They then managed to persuade Col. G. W. Montgomery, QC, of Woodstock, N.B., to accept the nomination. Meanwhile three other candidates, including the sitting MLA and a former provincial party leader, decided they should be nominated instead. One of them threatened to run as an Independent if he didn't get the party's blessing. Any of them could have wrecked the PC hopes, but none, in the opinion of PC strategists, could have won the seat from a good Liberal.

Frantic efforts were made to get Mrs. Hatfield to change her mind, since none of the contenders would have opposed Heber's widow. She still refused. So the party called a convention and they did, in the end, get the man they wanted, but only after three ballots and a good deal of bitterness. Whether the bitterness melted in the heat of the campaign, the by-election result will show. ★

## OH, WHAT YOU SAID!

The gossip is a kind of mean, Unpleasant carping bore. She is the sort of person folks Will tell you they abhor. They'll tell you they dislike her for her nasty innuendo, For stabbing in the back the one Who's always been her friend. Oh, Folks will tell you what she said, And what was said when she said it,

And, hurrying to block her news, They sometimes help her spread it. They read the gossip's pedigree, They lampoon and berate her; I vow they wear you out, at length, Explaining why they hate her. They go to such extremes sometimes

It really is a tossup Between the gossip and the ones Who talk about the gossip!

—Helen Harrington



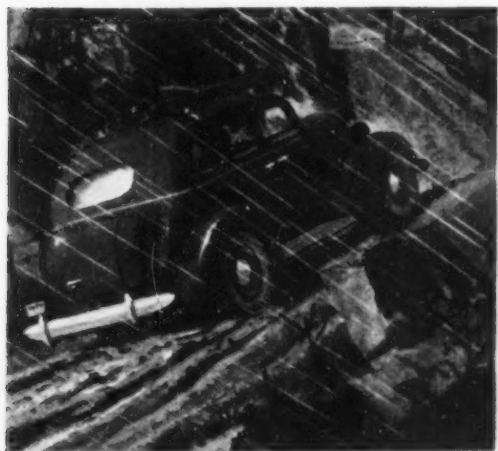
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says William D. Decker  
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A FAMOUS AUTHOR once wrote a short story about an old villager who loved to hoard string. One day he picked up some in the gutter just as another man was looking for a purse he had lost. The string-hoarder hurried away so quickly that a malicious neighbour was sure the old codger had found the purse, and he said as much. The entire village turned against the old string collector with disastrous results.

The moral of this story might be: *be careful what you do with string!*

Of course, there's nothing fundamentally wrong with saving bits of string and using them, but they ARE definitely a risk on parcels brought to your post office for mailing. Many, many parcels come in tied with thin string, and bits of string knotted together . . . string that's very apt to break in transit. The contents of parcels fall out. And the Post Office is blamed by the recipient. Sometimes wrappings come off because the string has broken. No one but a mind reader can tell, then, to whom such parcels belong.

Blessed are people who use strong cord and plenty of it, tying the knots tightly, so parcels won't come apart. If addresses on these parcels are readable, correct and complete, prompt delivery in good condition is sure. When you tie (and address) your parcels this way, you are helping the Post Office help you.

### Business houses are poor addressers

How many items of mail do you think went to the Dead Letter Office, last year, because addresses were inaccurate, unreadable or because the addressee had moved leaving no change of address at the Post Office? Six million! Just think of the loss in time and money, the disappointment and inconvenience to the mailer and the addressee.

General Managers and Supervisors can do their firms a favour by personally checking up on their mailing departments now and then. After all, if the man at the top doesn't care, why should the mailing clerk? Top level executives in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver should make sure that their Postal Zone Number is PRINTED on their letterhead and if firms writing from the four cities mentioned aren't using their Postal Zone Numbers, ask for the numbers! It makes a surprising difference to the speed of mail delivery because it cuts down primary sortation time . . . helps your Post Office help you.

## CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté,  
Q.C., M.P.  
Postmaster  
General



W. J. Turnbull,  
Deputy Postmaster  
General

## London Letter

Continued from page 4

of a glass of whisky to the chief piper. I would not have been surprised if the entire assembly had marched to Euston Station and taken the overnight train to Scotland, nevermore to return.

But did they? Not at all. Their chauffeured limousines were waiting outside to take them to their homes in Berkeley Square or Park Lane or Belgrave Square. They were chairmen of banks or insurance companies or some such institutions and had not the slightest intention of ever leaving London as long as they lived.

Which brings me back to the coronation. Nothing is more certain than that a few weeks before the crowning of Elizabeth there will be an outcry from Scotland that she should be designated not Elizabeth II but Elizabeth I. We have already had a preliminary protest and are expecting a much stronger one later on.

The Scots do not deny the existence of Elizabeth I but their case is that she was the Queen of England and reigned before the union. Therefore the ruling sovereign next year should either be crowned Elizabeth I, or Elizabeth I of Scotland and Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom.

Admittedly their case is not merely meticulous but highly emotional. Is it not a fact that Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded by the signed order of Elizabeth I of England? Poor pretty Mary! What a terrible thing that so lovely a neck should have been severed by the headman's axe! There are few of us today who will not agree that it was a sad deed. But why was she beheaded?

With increased diffidence I now must take upon myself the task of asking the Scots to look on Mary with the eyes of realists and, for once, to put aside their incorrigible romanticism. As every schoolboy knows (or ought to know) Mary became Queen of Scotland before she was a week old and wasn't yet a year old when the regent Arran promised her in mar-

riage to Prince Edward of England.

You might argue that at this age a young female could hardly be expected to know her own mind but it should be remembered that those were the days when royal matches were arranged by governments and the happy pair seldom saw each other until the nuptial day.

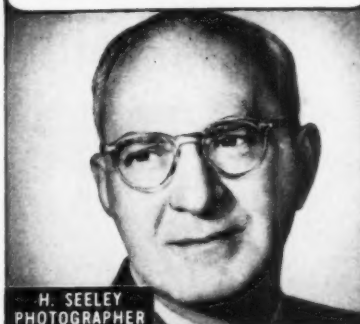
How wisely Arran foresaw the future. The union of Mary and Edward would presage the union of Scotland and England, thus ending the long and bloody feud between the two countries. But what did the Scottish parliament do? The foolish fellows proclaimed Arran's promise as null and void. Naturally this led to war and the Scots suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the Sassenachs. But did defeat change the iron determination of Scotland's rulers? On the contrary it only strengthened their resolution. Mary was placed in hiding, out of reach of the English, and was offered in marriage instead to the eldest son of Henry II of France and his infamous wife Catherine de Medici.

Hardly anyone (except themselves) ever speaks a good word for the patient downtrodden English but I am determined that in this case justice shall be done. As you are aware, Mary was in line to the English throne (being the great-granddaughter of Henry VII) yet she was persuaded to sign a covenant that if she died childless her rights to the thrones of both Scotland and England should be transferred to France.

No one will contend that in the twentieth century we can judge the morals of the sixteenth century as if it were today. We know from the records of the time that Mary was handsome, accomplished, joyous and romantic, but she certainly connived at the murder of her husband Darnley, and was never unduly scrupulous when it came to a night of the long claymores. I only mention this to emphasize that, in the sixteenth century, life was exciting but brief.

This indisputable fact remains that the rivalry of Mary and Elizabeth for the throne of England became a danger

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There seem to be  
Two types of guys:  
Wise (like me!)  
And otherwise

—Ivan J. Collins

to the realm and that Mary was a party in various plots to assassinate Elizabeth. The blood of good men on either side was being spilled and I don't think we should be unduly tender toward the ladies in question merely because of their sex.

Eventually Mary quarreled with her own barons and threw herself on the mercy of Elizabeth. That wise counselor Lord Burleigh, the head of the Cecil family which has been ruling England off and on ever since (the Marquis of Salisbury, the present head of the family, is the Tory Leader of the House of Lords) demanded of Elizabeth a signed order for Mary's execution.

Elizabeth held out as long as she could, until the wily Cecil asked her to sign it provisionally. This she did whereupon Burleigh at once cut off Mary's pretty head. Are we to denounce him for the act? Yes, if you are against capital punishment, but otherwise Mary's very existence threatened the life not only of Elizabeth but England itself.

So, in due time, came the Union of England and Scotland, and the feuds, or at any rate the wars, were at an end. There was genius in the union, not only politically but in the realm of human achievement. The English were visionaries, dreamers, poets, explorers. They were always looking for something lost beyond the ranges and did not know what to do when they found it. So along came the Scots and showed them. On almost every British ship that sails the seas today there is an Englishman on the bridge and a

Scot in charge of the engine room. Seldom has any marriage of two races borne such wondrous progeny.

Shall we in 1953 deny the existence of Elizabeth I whose reign saw such a renaissance of the arts and government and exploration as has no parallel in history? Must we not praise Shakespeare for fear of denigrating Burns? Are we at our public banquets to raise our glasses to the toast of "Queen Elizabeth I of England and Elizabeth II of the United Kingdom"?

What about Her Majesty's Canadian subjects? What about the South Africans? What about the Maoris in New Zealand? They were not included in the British Empire until long after Elizabeth had been embalmed in history. I see no reason why the Scots should have the sole right of dating history.

One might think from a racial point of view that the angry men of the north would be content that the Queen Mother is a daughter of Scotland and that Scottish blood flows in the veins of the young Queen now on the throne.

I do not claim for a moment that the outcry represents a majority view in Scotland. It comes largely from the Scottish nationalists who are demanding home rule and who stole the Scone of Destiny to demonstrate their fitness for self-government. Personally I see no reason why Scotland should not have her own parliament and I would support that measure if it ever comes before the House of Commons.

May I then bring my musings to a close with a well-meant reminder to Scots where'er they be. You will remember that marvellous short story, *The Village That Voted the Earth is Flat*. The vote was unanimous but the earth remained a globe.

England is the senior partner in the union and we cannot lower a curtain upon her earlier existence as a separate nation. Therefore I think the Scots should, with the rest of us, proclaim Elizabeth II as our undoubted Queen. But if that is too much to ask then why not call her Elizabeth I within the borders of Scotland, and Elizabeth II in the greater family of British nations and colonies?

Thus the romanticism of the Scot would be appeased and the Scone of Destiny could rest reasonably secure in Westminster Abbey. ★



"As a matter of fact I did curl up with a book and a jelly sandwich, but how did you know?"

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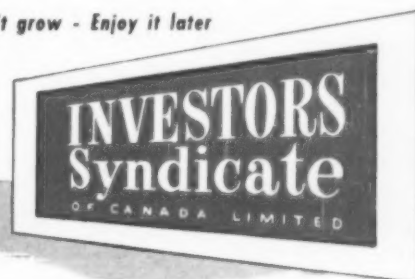
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## Troubles of a Royal Dress Designer

Continued from page 11

the time of her coronation. Meanwhile, Amies must watch his step.

Like any well-dressed and beautiful woman exposed to the public, the young Queen likes her clothes to come as a pleasant surprise. In this respect Amies protects all his customers. If the secret of an ordinary customer's choice did happen to leak out no great harm

would be done. But if a description of the Queen's dresses was released before she wore them, society matrons, stenographers and shopgirls all over the world, helped by enterprising wholesalers and style pirates, would be wearing them first.

He has already felt the chill wind of disapproval. When he was commissioned to design clothes for the Canadian tour he was told to make no comment to the newspapers about his royal assignment. He didn't. But a sharp Canadian newspaperwoman, Jane Armstrong of the Toronto Tele-

gram, happened to overhear a useful conversation one day at a cocktail party. A young woman, unquestionably in the know, said the Princess had chosen Hardy Amies to be her new designer. She then obligingly described some of the clothes being prepared for Her Royal Highness. Miss Armstrong published the story. It was wired back from Toronto to London and immediately Amies' public relations department began to work overtime.

At first the onslaught was met by a blanket denial. But soon life became so intolerable for press agent Peter

Hope Lumley that he appealed to the palace for help. So far as he knew there had been no leak in Amies' establishment; all the employees who knew anything about the royal order had been checked and warned. It looked as though the leak might have come from the palace itself. Lumley's explanation was accepted, he was given a stern warning and permission to acknowledge that Amies was, in fact, the new royal dressmaker, but he wasn't to embellish it with any details.

The Queen's choice of Hardy Amies had its beginnings about two years ago when Prince Philip is said to have admired the wedding gown and trousseau Amies designed for the Hon. Sarah Ismay, a close friend of the royal couple. Amies was then also designing for other women of the court.

The first sign of royal favor came when the palace announced that Princess Margaret wished to see Amies' fashions. A private showing was arranged in the *couturier's* elegantly furnished office. About six months later, at eleven o'clock one otherwise peaceful morning, the palace called a second time: Princess Margaret wished to see the latest collection.

Amies shows his new fashions every afternoon to a small group of customers. It was impossible, he told the palace on this occasion, to arrange a private showing on such short notice. The palace said that Her Royal Highness would have no objection to seeing the show in public.

About one o'clock the same day a second message said that Princess Elizabeth would accompany her sister. The royal party saw the collection and about six months later Amies was invited to Clarence House.

Amies approaches his royal assignments with the same systematic calm he applies to designing the two collections he shows the public each year. He goes away for two weeks and nobody knows where he is except his secretary. When he was designing his first collection as an independent *couturier* he attempted to do it in his studio. But business details distracted him and he eventually packed up and disappeared. "I'm not coming back until all the designs are finished," he told his secretary. "If you should by any chance discover where I am it's more than your life's worth to say so." Now this is regular procedure.

When he's ready to leave he hands his secretary a list of materials to get. These consist of two paint brushes, a mapping pen, a bottle of India ink, a box of soft pencils, a small box containing thumb tacks, elastic bands, razor blades and an eraser and a small drawing board to which is clipped three sheets of paper showing the front, back and side views of a human figure divided into sections. After about two weeks he reappears with five folios containing about fifteen drawings each of coats, suits, day dresses, party dresses (his name for cocktail dresses) and evening gowns.

His drawings are not the ethereal sketches usually prepared by fashion designers. They are austere diagrams influenced, he thinks, by his architect father. They designate exactly where seams, pleats and gores start and end. They are complete with dimensions and explicit instructions for his tailors and fitters, with whom he works in close harmony. These members of his team then produce what he calls a draft in cloth. This he pins, pulls, fixes and amends through three fittings until it satisfies his hypercritical taste.

When the cloth draft of the royal assignment is ready Amies telephones the Queen's personal maid. Then with a tailor, dressmaker and saleswoman he goes to Clarence House. The

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fittings usually last about fifteen minutes. The Queen, he says, is an admirable customer: she doesn't fret or fuss when she's being fitted and she isn't impatient. When she orders clothes she discusses with Amies the occasions when they will be worn, the weather they will have to withstand and what is needed to round out her wardrobe.

Amies does most of his routine work in a cluttered studio at a desk facing a printed scrawl on the wall which says: "To hell with Vogue but be kind to the Press."

Just before the royal tour of Canada last year a paper in the U. S. published an interview with Amies. In it the reporter said that Princess Elizabeth had a twenty-four-inch waist. Amies was not quoted but it looked as though he had provided the information. He was warned that he was expected to protect what the palace regards as "intimate details." These are Queen Elizabeth's measurements, her favorite colors, the size of her shoes, favorite styles and the descriptions of the outfits she orders.

When Amies is pressed by reporters he passes the buck to Lumley, his public relations agent, whose invariable reply is, "Sorry, I don't know." Even when the reporters ask questions like "Short evening dresses are popular in court circles this year, aren't they?" he must answer, "Sorry, I can't say."

In the back of Lumley's mind is a distressing experience of the Queen's shoemaker, Edward Rayne. Rayne has enjoyed a royal warrant for many years. Three years ago in New York he was interviewed by a persistent woman reporter who wanted to know all the details of the Queen's shoes. To every question Rayne replied with a dutiful, "Sorry, I can't say."

Finally the reporter, all sweetness and smiles, asked him how much his shoes cost per pair. He said about thirty dollars. Then, a cocktail or so later, she asked how many pairs of shoes a rich well-dressed woman leading a public life would be likely to buy in a year. He said twenty or possibly thirty. The reporter went back to her office and wrote an article quoting Rayne as saying the Queen spent thousands of dollars a year on shoes. This was pie in the sky for the Communist Daily Worker. The London and New York editions carried front-page articles of royal extravagance spotlighting the workers' misery. Rayne was deeply worried and had nightmares of his royal warrant being scraped from the plate-glass window of his shop, but he managed to talk himself out of serious trouble.

Royal warrant holders can use the crest of their royal customer on stationery, labels, vans and trucks. For instance the man who collects garbage at Buckingham Palace is allowed to paint on his truck, beside the royal coat of arms, "By Appointment, contractor for removal of kitchen waste to His Majesty King George VI," and the man who decorates royal horses for state ceremonials can dub himself, "By Appointment, horse mil-liner to His Majesty King George VI." (They will continue to use this phrasing until Queen Elizabeth grants new warrants permitting her name and coat of arms to be used. Should they not obtain a warrant from the new sovereign they may retain their present one.) The royal coat of arms may also be embossed on windows and placed inconspicuously in advertisements and circulars. As it happens Amies doesn't advertise.

The sedate Royal Warrant Holders' Association, operating from offices near Buckingham Palace, even has its own espionage system which operates to

prevent what it considers objectionable practices by warrant holders.

Can a voluntary association of merchants prevent a Queen shopping where she chooses? No. Queen Elizabeth can go on buying her dresses from Amies for as long as she wishes and there is no law to prevent him from divulging the secrets he is asked to withhold. But if the association doesn't like his conduct they can recommend against his application for a royal warrant and he probably won't get it. And if he doesn't get one after the conventional trial period it will likely

do his reputation incalculable harm.

In addition to the ticklish matter of etiquette royal favor now presents Amies with another hazard. Before he was designer for the Queen his occasional mistakes were confined to a comparatively narrow circle. But if he designs an unpopular dress for the most photographed woman in the world his reputation is bound to suffer. And he is the first to admit that no designer can be good all the time.

"There's a beast in every collection," he says. That's clothing-trade talk for a model ignored by customers and

reviled by the trade. In the past, when Amies designed a "beast" he frankly acknowledged his mistake. "I no longer get any satisfaction whatsoever in designing something that doesn't sell," he says. "I have every respect for the public taste. My customers are always right."

It is on the conviction that the customer is always right that Amies has built up his export business to exceed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, the highest figure in the British *couture* industry. He has also built up his own name. He is the most

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popular British designer in the United States and Canada and both his dollar income and his international reputation were carefully nourished to their present healthy proportions.

He first attracted the notice of Americans in 1937, the coronation year, when he was designer for the house of Lachasse. During the war he collaborated with other British *couturiers* in a showing of British fashions for the American market. His clean-cut suits were an instant success.

In 1945, at his first independent showing, he made some notable sales to American retailers. He immediately pressed this gain with a trip to the United States. Three later visits produced more valuable publicity. Now his clothes are sold in major cities in Canada and the U. S. at prices up to five hundred dollars, and most fashion-conscious women know and are impressed by his name.

One bad mistake in the Queen's wardrobe could explode much of this tenderly erected fame. When Norman Hartnell, royal warrant holder and designer for both the Queen and the Queen Mother, designed an unattractive dress for the Queen Mother to wear to a big society wedding the British, American and Canadian papers were merciless. When Amies was chosen royal designer and it looked, as it still does, as though the young sovereign would gradually transfer more of her custom, one of Hartnell's friends said: "I don't think Norman minds. Somebody else will now have to share the credit and the blame."

The Press and the public have created a rivalry between the two royal designers that doesn't really exist. At the same wedding which resulted in such unfortunate publicity for Hartnell, the bride, Lady Carolyn Montague Douglas-Scott, a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, wore a fabulous tulle gown designed by Amies. It drew sighs of envy and admiration. On her honeymoon the bride cabled to Amies: "Thousand congratulations. Thanks for superb achievement. Have been overwhelmed with letters of praise about the dress. So delighted and grateful."

This brought Amies dozens of commissions for other important wedding gowns and, he thinks, it helped bring him the young Queen. It also started talk that Amies was replacing Hartnell.

So far as the Queen is concerned this isn't true, Amies claims. "For gala-occasion ball gowns Hartnell is unexcelled in the entire world," he declares. "For state occasions the Queen must dress like a fairy princess. People expect it and would be disappointed if she didn't. Hartnell will always be best for this type of dress."

Amies became a designer by accident. His mother was a saleswoman at a court dressmaking house but she didn't exert as much influence on his career as his architect father. In Birmingham his father helped to establish him as a salesman of weighing machines. He found this such heavy going that he took the first chance to get out of it.

One Christmas he wrote a letter to a fitter in the establishment where his mother worked. In it he described a dress worn at a ball by the business owner. The fitter was so impressed by the design sense evident in this letter that she sent it to the head of the *couture* house of Lachasse. Amies was immediately offered a job. Less than three years later he had acquired a personal lustre in the galaxy of British fashion.

He decided to go into business for himself but the war intervened. In 1939 Lachasse closed down and Amies became a private soldier. Even the universal tragedy of war worked to

Amies' advantage. He was given special leave to design a Lachasse collection for export and it got him some valuable publicity.

Through his knowledge of French and German he rose to lieutenant-colonel in Intelligence and director of Belgian underground activities in London. But he was not allowed to fade from fashion. From time to time the Board of Trade arranged special leave so he could design clothes for export and his reputation, particularly in Canada and the United States, grew.

In Nov. 1945, after he was demobilized, his own firm moved into 14 Savile Row, an exquisite but decayed Georgian mansion which Amies has had restored and from which bailiffs once ejected Richard Sheridan the playwright.

Amies, who numbers hundreds of famous names in his clientele and who admits that his favorite customers are "rich ones," does a brisk business with actresses, whom he accuses of being the worst dressed group of women he knows. "The British actress has no fashion sense at all," he says flatly. "Obviously you can't have a talent for clothes and a talent for acting too." Notable exceptions to this are Vivien Leigh, Dame Edith Evans, Glynis Johns and Diana Wynyard.

No matter who his customers are, Amies isn't afraid to say what he thinks. When Linda Christian, wife of Tyrone Power, wanted a suit with a square-shouldered jacket to match her husband's Amies refused to make it. "We can't have you going out of here looking like a boxer," he said.

When designing a collection Amies says his basic problem is to reconcile simplicity with femininity. "My aim is to make women appear not so young as to be uninteresting and not so old as to be a bore."

To a designer, he adds, fashion changes like the erratic rise and fall of the hemline are not really as chaotic as they seem. "All fashion is a child of a fashion before," he claims, offering to prove it from his library of the history of costume. "We can only expose so much of the human figure and from time to time we change the display."

As with all successful designers Amies' greatest asset is his inherent good taste. This is evident in the furnishings of his apartment, his country home and his business premises. It is also obvious from his personal appearance. He sets off his fresh-faced good looks with impeccable suits and shirts made from the best British textiles by the country's leading craftsmen. These personal recommendations undoubtedly help give his customers, who come from all over the world, including Paris, proper confidence in his judgment of what the well-dressed woman should wear.

One Canadian woman relies on him to select her entire wardrobe. She came to see him in 1946 and was so impressed with his designs that she bought a dozen outfits. Ever since she has shopped by mail, asking him to choose for her. Her annual order, which exceeds three thousand dollars, merely states the kind of outfit she needs.

Amies likes this kind of customer. "She's no trouble and she spends a lot of money. What could be better?" he asks. ★

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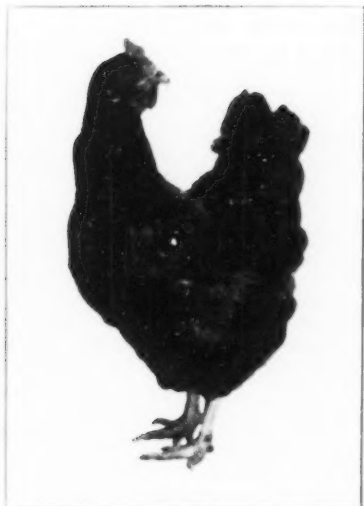
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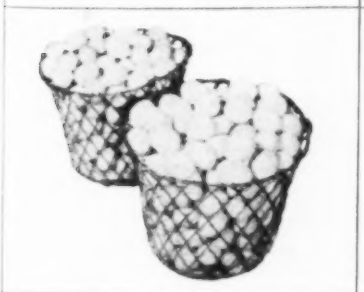
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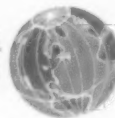
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# MAILBAG



## PRAYERS THAT WERE ANSWERED

As a missionary to Hong Kong visiting in Canada, I take this opportunity of complimenting Maclean's and Dr. A. Stewart Allen for the article, I Was a Prisoner of the Chinese Reds (April 15).

While living in Hong Kong I was a member of a group of missionaries who gathered together every Friday to pray for the release and safe journey of Dr. Allen and Miss Ward. —Rev. John Bechtel, Nyack, N.Y.

● Dr. Allen tells a horrifying story, but there are two things I missed. One was any indication of Christian charity on his part, such as might be expected of a United Church medical missionary. The other was any attempt to analyze the causes of the treatment he suffered.

Oughtn't we to realize that the behavior of the Chinese in such cases stems from a delayed reaction to the exploitation and indignities they suffered so long at Western hands? Until we do realize that, we cannot intelligently and effectively combat "the poison of Communism" by positive rather than negative action. —Paul A. Gardner, Ottawa.

● The people who ill-treated Dr. Allen appear quite different from the people I knew and came to respect and love during my years with them—1913 to 1935.

Acting for the United Church of Canada I built the hospital, three houses for the Canadian doctors and nurses and one duplex house for four Chinese doctors. Dr. Allen added the TB wing and Miss Wellwood built the combined nurses' home and school. It was in the classrooms of this school that Dr. Allen was accused, arrested and taken into custody.

The contrast between my happy farewell meeting in May 1943 and the accusation meeting of Dr. Allen in Dec. 1950 is a most striking commentary on what Communism does to a people. It is also prophetic of what could happen in Canada should Communism gain control here. —Dr. W. J. Sheridan, Fredericton.

### The Craziest Fishing

About William Driscoll's Craziest Fishing in the World (April 1): I have been fishing on the Miramichi and branches for twenty-odd years and in all that time I have never seen a fisherman who was even slightly pleased when he caught a black salmon.

It is a poor fisherman who can't land the black salmon in five minutes. Whereas, the bright salmon that is landed in half an hour is a rare piece of skill combined with luck. —K. A. Williston, Newcastle, N.B.

● I laughed till I cried. I was a salmon fisherman for many years on a commercial basis . . . Kelt fishing in no way compares with the glorious anticipation of hooking a salmon directly from the sea. When I was actively engaged as a guide it was illegal to take kelt; these fish when landed had the hook removed carefully and returned to the river where they drifted with the current, eventually reaching the

sea where they would recuperate from their long sojourn in fresh water and the tedious job of spawning.

Fishing kelt in a raging rapid does not appeal to me—I could have just as much fun hooking into a pulp log which would resemble in all aspects the antics of the kelt until landed. —C. Thomas, Cornwall, Ont.

### Jenny Not a Nice Girl?

Whichever one of you gentlemen who selected the short story, The Courting of Jenny (April 15), with its crude and pointless plot and filthy illustrations, should try to realize the untold harm done to our young people by exposing them to such trash. Your magazine has had many features to recommend it, so I hope you won't spoil any more copies with such fiction. —Mrs. Katherine McPherson, Dublin, Ont.

### OPEN SEASON FOR PEASANTS



Fie, and for shame! Your artist Grassick made a dreadful fluff in your Parade column. He portrayed friend Tommy Cat bringing in a beautiful ring-necked pheasant (closed season on these) not a splendid partridge, of which we have several varieties here in the west. Hence the caption for my retaliatory cartoon (see above): "Ring-necked peasant!" —Dr. R. H. Best, Brandon, Man.

● The story is good, the picture not so hot. If you have an elastic imagination it might pass as a ring-neck pheasant, but a partridge never. —John E. Houston, Dresden, Ont.

● In defense of my "partridge" may I quote that authority on words, Humpty Dumpty?

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less." So I say it's a partridge and the cat (see below) confirms it. —Bert Grassick, Toronto.



### The Color of Peterborough

I did not agree with the sentence which opened The Beard (by June Callwood, Mar. 15)—Peterborough being a colorless town. With The Beard residing there how could it be? I loved every moment of my sojourn there once I got to know the place. It was the closest I came to being "back home in the west." —Ben Nicholson, Matsqui, B.C.

● Conservative perhaps, Miss Callwood, but certainly not colorless. —Mrs. Raymond, Peterborough.

● If Robertson Davies will descend from his Napoleonic hobbyhorse and mingle more freely with those about him he will find plenty of drama, tragedy, comedy and love among those he so snobbishly scorns. —Jas. A. Sedgwick, Toronto.

● I believe Mr. Davies might find. If the fuzz were removed from his mind. That his pearls intellectual. Might be more effectual. And his head wouldn't be so declined. —Jean M. Melanson, Truro, N.S.

### Not by Bread Alone

Would you Live Better in the U.S.? (March 1). Five pages of money-talk. Has Mr. Margolius no pride in the superior standard of Canadian politics, justice, education and life, no pride in, and love for, Canada and our Commonwealth ties? Is his standard of value measured in Things alone? —C. W. Holman, Peterborough, Ont.

### Canasta: Fun and Exercise

Of all the fool articles the one about Canasta (March 1) is the worst I have ever read. The writer must be a crazy bridge hound who can't see any game being worth while played for fun. If that is your idea of humor you must be subnormal. —M. Logan, Toronto.

● I call Canasta good mental exercise and if you don't use your mental equipment you are just out of luck in the winnings. As far as Canasta dying out I have my doubts. I've met several people who were constant bridge players, but who much prefer Canasta to date. —Mrs. M. C. Ramkin, Vancouver.

### Wedge in More Nicol

Do please let us have more articles by Eric Nicol. Humor, such as his is priceless when wedged in amid the tragic and distressing events usually recorded. (We don't like articles about millionaires either!) —Mrs. L. M. Beck, Vancouver.

● I enjoyed reading Eric Nicol's amusing article on Week-End Guesting (March 15) but failed to understand his reference to the Book of English Prayer. I take it that he means the Book of Common Prayer. Hold on to Eric! —Chas. J. Littlewood, New Westminster, B.C.

### The Song of the Paddle

Thank you for your life story of Pauline Johnson (April 1). Another notable I would like you to tell us about sometime is Houdini, the magician. —A. E. Snell, Heath, Alta.

● I enjoyed the story of her life and her pride she held for her beloved race. True to the desires of her Indian ancestors she was a deep lover of nature . . . This could be plainly seen in her lovely poem, The Song My Paddle Sings. —Elliott MacNeill, Hunters River, P.E.I.

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 60





**I**N A WAY, the familiar birthday candles represent the most important—and the most gratifying—advance of our times. In 1900, the average man lived to see only 50 of them on his last birthday cake. Today, he can look forward to a cake with as many candles as there are on this page.

This added gift of years has been made possible by thousands of men and women who work together to make and keep our country one of the healthiest nations in the world—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, public health workers, and others.

Their work has not only increased the span of life—it has also helped to fill these years with more useful and more enjoyable living.

One of medicine's greatest problems is to get people to take advantage of the help it can offer them. And *you* are the only one who can solve this problem. Remember, every time you act on a warning that may mean trouble—every time you take full advantage of medicine's resources to build, conserve, and restore health—you increase your chances of adding more candles to your birthday cake.

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## MAILBAG cont. from page 58

### Greek Foot-in-Mouth

I wish to commend you on your article on foot-and-mouth disease (April 15). It was factual, unprejudiced and informative.—Rankin C. Kellam, Brampton, Ont.

• There is an alarming statement by your two editors to the effect that there had been an "epidemic" of foot-and-mouth disease in Saskatchewan. Further perusal brings out the fact that it was an epizootic—from the Greek: *epi*, upon; *zoo*, animals. According to Fraser and Bodsworth it was an epidemic—*epi*, upon; *demo*s, the people.—Alfred A. House, Woodstock, Ont.

• Part of the story but not all. The blame lies at the door of the government authorities because they refuse to open their minds to any concept of disease which is to them unorthodox. Their course of action is like having an ambulance ready at the foot of a cliff instead of putting a guard rail at the top. The germ theory of disease is so firmly entrenched in the official mind that even when it can be shown that disease is caused primarily by faulty nutrition, its attitude remains that of the man who saw a giraffe for the first time and said, "There ain't no such animal."—H. L. Reeds, Lindsay, Ont.

• You are to be congratulated . . . I have been told there are a good many deer ranging along Wascana Creek. I have seen no announcement to date as to whether those deer, which are definitely susceptible animals, have been rounded up, or in any way prevented from wandering from farm to farm.

If the disease ever reaches game in the Alberta Rockies, or any part of British Columbia, it can never be eliminated.—J. E. Fry, secretary, B. C. Beef Cattle Growers' Association, Kamloops, B.C.

• I think the picture of the RCMP shooting the cattle is just horrid. It is quite bad enough to know these things are done without a picture of it.—Mrs. H. M. Lockerlin, Lyn, Ont.

• There was a picture of one of the unfortunate farmers holding up a cheque for \$600 from an anonymous well-wisher. Since, to remain anonymous, this well-wisher could not sign his name to the cheque he should have made it out for \$6,000 and made our farmer feel very prosperous.—R. L. Rowson, Mission City, B.C.

The cheque was good. But the benefactor preferred to remain anonymous to the general public.

### One Man's Meat

I have often thought what a tough time editors have, and how many silent laughs they must have at some of the letters they receive. I once heard a radio announcer say to a critic who did not like his program "Just turn your dial." One man's meat is another man's poison. How can any editor write editorials, or anything else, to suit everybody? Let the chips fly where they may.—Harry Stewart, Nanaimo, B.C.

• I wish to be added to the growing list of Maclean's subscribers who LOVE you . . . I don't agree, nor like, ALL that Maclean's prints, but do I get sore and raise the devil? I think it's a wonderful and well-thought-out magazine.—Frank C. Wiggins Jr., Waynesburg, Pa. ★

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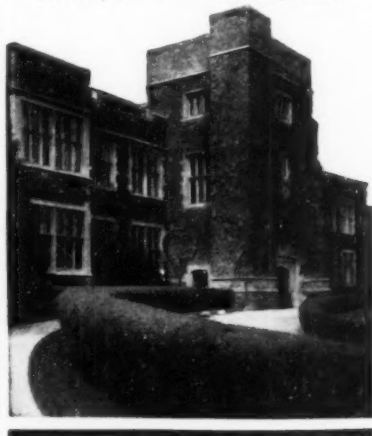
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## Victor of the Normandie

Continued from page 13

a host of celebrities. Two particular occasions stand out vividly in his memory.

Late one evening Victor was in the lobby when he saw Sir Wilfrid Laurier enter with his secretary. Sir Wilfrid saluted Victor by name and Victor asked him if he would care to have a snack before retiring. Sir Wilfrid assented and Victor led him to the grill where the orchestra was playing. When the prime minister entered the orchestra stopped playing and, in the silence, the two hundred guests in the room rose to their feet and bowed to him.

The other occasion Victor identifies as the first and only time he ever fell off the wagon. It was during the first visit to Canada of the present Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales. A ball was given in his honor at the Windsor Hotel and later in the evening Victor also served at a private supper for about sixty guests. It was there that Victor determined upon a rash thing: to ask for the autograph of the Prince. He screwed up his courage with two ounces of brandy and, at a favorable opportunity, made the request. The Prince turned to his equerry for a pen. The latter had no pen. "Too bad, my friend," said the Prince to Victor, "we'll just have to do it in pencil." So he wrote "Edward P" in pencil across a menu which Victor still cherishes.

But the combination of drink and tension was too much for Victor. He was sick for three hours and has never touched liquor since.

Victor had returned to Montreal just as that city was making its first tentative strides toward its role as an entertainment centre in America. In 1912 the first fine café, the St. Regis, had just opened on St. Catherine Street, introducing an orchestra for dancing. There was no entertainment but the place was open until two in the morning while the hotel dining rooms closed at midnight. During World War One other cafés with orchestras opened.

In 1922 the Mount Royal Hotel opened with an aggressive young man, Vernon Cardy, as general manager. Victor had met Cardy casually and had been impressed with his drive. So he approached Cardy and was hired as headwaiter at the newly opened Piazza Room, later the Normandie. It was here that Victor watched a new development in the city's night life. People began to dine out. In 1924 Cardy introduced entertainment with the occasional dance team to supplement the offerings of the name band, which was then Jack Denny's.

In Victor's long reign at the Piazza-Normandie he looks back at several separate stages in the history of catering. There was the golden age of 1922 to 1928 in which lavish parties were given every night and in which money was never a serious consideration. There was the lean period from 1929 to 1936 when even the Normandie was closed.

During 1937 Cardy opened the Normandie again to usher in another golden period from 1937 until his retirement in 1950. The present period Victor

regards as somewhat leaner than the two great spending periods.

But, through good times and bad, Victor's reputation flourished among the great and the near-great.

He recalls an encounter with Stanley Baldwin, who was then prime minister of Britain. Victor, pipe in hand, was emerging from his room on the first floor of the hotel when he saw the prime minister stepping out of the elevator.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" Victor enquired.

Baldwin, an inveterate pipe-smoker, spied Victor's pipe. "I see you are an addict," he observed.

"Yes, sir," replied Victor. "Could you tell me what you consider to be the best tobacco?"

"The best tobacco is the tobacco you like," answered Baldwin. "Would you like to try mine?"

Victor could not resist the invitation and, as he filled his pipe, he observed: "It smells good to me."

"I'll send you a pound," Baldwin promptly offered.

The tobacco arrived two weeks later. It was Parson's Mixture. Victor thought the price—a guinea a tin—was a little too steep, but he kept the empty tin for years.

Just as his contact with Canada's prime ministers extends from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Louis St. Laurent, Victor has also served Canada's governors-general from Lord Grey to Vincent Massey. The late Franklin D. Roosevelt he remembers for his big smile and fondness for red meat. On three occasions he has attended the Duke of Windsor, whom he admires greatly. The last visit in 1931 was entirely without warning and Victor had to ask the royal party of sixteen to wait while he fitted tables into a Normandie Room that was already full.

Victor thinks of the Thirties as the days of visiting diplomats, who stopped over on their way to and from Ottawa. Then, he says, he met his mnemonic match. Diplomats who had dined at the hotel years before recalled conversations with him as easily as Victor did. In the war years and since, he has met a great number of foreign diplomats on the Ottawa pilgrimage. During the periods of shortage, he remembers, they never asked for special favors, extra butter and so forth. "They observed the rules better than we did," Victor comments.

In a special file in his amazing memory Victor keeps the recollection of the luncheon he served a quiet amiable young couple, and the dinner he served to an American woman visitor.

The young couple, Doris Palmer and Jack Irwin, went out right after and murdered a taxi driver for three hundred dollars. Irwin was hanged and Doris Palmer is still in Portsmouth Penitentiary.

The U. S. tourist felt ill during her meal and started for the ladies' room. Victor observed her wavering across the floor and telephoned for the house doctor. He gathered together several waiters who formed a wall with tablecloths around the woman now on the floor of the dining room. A few minutes later the hotel doctor safely delivered a baby boy.

But, to Victor, handling such an emergency is "just part of our usual service." He confesses that he has modeled his ideas about the function of a *maitre d'hôtel* upon the precepts of the late and famous Mr. Oscar of the Waldorf Astoria. "A person comes to a hotel dining room to relax from the worries of the day or to enjoy himself with his family," says Victor. "It is the duty of the *maitre d'hôtel* to help them to enjoy their evening

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by providing good service and good food. He should have a few words with each patron before dinner. Then he should be able to size up the mood of the patron, whether he is looking for an elaborate party or a conservative dinner. After greeting a guest I always find out what they had for lunch. The answer tells me right away whether it should be just a small dinner or whether it is a celebration."

Victor has trained thousands of waiters. "A good waiter," he says, "always starts as a busboy." He requires busboys with some schooling, for they must be able to answer the questions of guests intelligently. They are taught to answer questions about the city and the province. They are also taught not to engage the guests in conversation. Victor estimates that it takes at least three years to develop a dependable waiter.

After two years as a busboy and another three years as a waiter, an ambitious and capable man is given a chance as captain. Then he takes orders over the phone for dinner parties and supervises six waiters. He has to learn how to prepare such dishes as crêpes suzettes and he has to know how various dishes are cooked, their caloric content. In any first-class hotel, Victor contends, the captain or waiter learning his job will get the full co-operation of the chef. He is on excellent terms with chef Lucien Baraud of the Mount Royal, whose judgment and skill he respects.

What is the difference between a headwaiter and a *maitre d'hôtel*?

None. Victor explains it this way. At one time the *maitre d'hôtel* was the man mainly in charge of banquets. The headwaiter was in charge of one dining room. Today the former *maitre d'hôtel* is known as the catering manager and is in charge of all food operations. The headwaiter is now known as the *maitre d'hôtel*. The terms have shifted with the changing functions.

At the Mount Royal, Victor's good friend and immediate superior is the catering manager, Pierre Borbey.

Victor has watched the careers of many Canadian businessmen grow and he has seen fortunes dissipated by the offspring of successful businessmen. He has seen money change people from genial, likeable personalities to worried and unhappy individuals. But he likes to think of those who have been unaffected by fortune. Lord Beaverbrook, he thinks is one. Another is

William Horsey, president of Dominion Stores, who, when he heard that Victor had sickness in the family, insisted that they take over one of his California cottages for a vacation.

Victor's personal life is as well-run and as organized as his hotel dining room. He leaves work around 2:45 a.m., arriving at his duplex in the northeastern part of Montreal around four. He goes promptly to bed and sleeps until noon. Then he has five or six cups of coffee and reads the morning paper. He arrives at the hotel just before six and has his first meal of the new day then. He has his lunch during the second floor show of the evening, around midnight. He eats only two meals.

The Prevosts' eight-roomed apartment is busiest on Sundays—Victor's day off. Then their three married children, Larry, Marcelle and Andrée, bring Victor's five grandchildren to visit. The family attends St. Alphonse, the Roman Catholic Church just a block from the duplex. Victor reads magazines and smokes cigars after a big family dinner, then sleeps from 1 a.m. to noon on Monday.

Victor has several food specialties of his own creation. One is breast of chicken Albani, named after Madame Albani, the opera singer who came from Chambly, Que. Others are breast of duckling *bigarade*, eggs *à la Victor*, and loin of French lamb chops *à la niçoise*.

In spite of his urbanity Victor has had his embarrassments. He recalls vividly the most embarrassing moment of his life. It was just after he had assumed his present post, and the president of United Hotels, William Dudley, had arrived with his board of directors to inspect their newly acquired property. Victor was on his toes to see that they were properly served in the dining room. A waiter, under his eye, hovered about the table to anticipate every wish.

At the end of the meal Victor, hovering anxiously within hearing distance, heard Dudley congratulate the waiter on the excellent service. Victor beamed. Then he heard Dudley enquire casually of the waiter: "Tell me, does everyone get this kind of service?"

"Oh, no sir," the waiter assured him hastily. "You are very special."

Victor's face was burning as Dudley and his party came toward him.

"Never mind, Victor," said Dudley. "We are glad to know that someone gets good service around here." ★

### • A SPECIAL ISSUE

## A Maclean's Nation-wide Report on THE HIGH COST OF BEING SICK

By **SIDNEY KATZ**

Medical care has improved beyond measure but its cost has soared so high that an illness or accident can bankrupt almost any family. Maclean's devotes most of the next issue (on sale June 11) to a complete and searching study of Canada's doctors, hospitals, health plans and their price.

• IN MACLEAN'S JUNE 15



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WHEN hydro workmen called at a house in Niagara Falls, Ont., to change the household appliances from twenty-five to sixty cycle power they found a note pinned to the door: "Please leave the sixty cycles on the veranda. My husband can put them in—he's pretty good at that sort of thing."

A Montreal businessman battled his way onto a packed streetcar and buried himself in the evening paper as passengers churned past him. At the end of the line he discovered a sleek new umbrella hooked over his



arm and asked the only other remaining passenger if it was his. "What, isn't it yours?" he replied. "Chap who got off a few stops back picked it up from the floor and hung it on your arm. I wondered why you didn't thank him."

Office workers in a Winnipeg building knew spring had arrived when the elevator operator stopped for a passenger, closed the doors and turned to ask, "Was I going up or coming down?"

Two women in Charlottetown, P.E.I., were making a round of visits to collect funds for a church bazaar. They were short of time and anxious to make several calls during the afternoon. One hostess remarked on the shortness of their stay. "It's a touch-and-go proposition," was the answer.

A recent bride diffidently offered her contribution to the pie table at a women's club summer bazaar in Calgary. "I'm afraid it's not very good—I just can't seem to bake them," she apologized as she handed over a misshapen pie.

"Don't worry, it's much better than that dreadful one there," the woman in charge of the booth consoled her.

The newlywed gasped, then she quavered, "But that's my other pie!"

Sign in a Montreal store: "Ne touchez pas S.V.P.—Do not touch R.S.V.P."

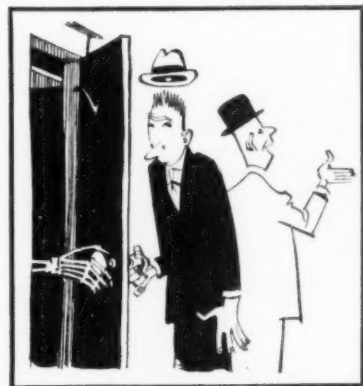
When her car stalled at a busy intersection a Winnipeg girl was annoyed by the persistent honking of the car behind. Finally she got out and asked the honking driver if he would try to start her engine for her. As soon as he climbed into her car she slipped behind the wheel of his and began to honk right back at him.

When Jennifer's family moved to Toronto the little girl was sent to a separate school to be taught by nuns. "How do you like your new school?" her parents asked after the first day. "Oh, it's much nicer than the other one," she replied. "This teacher's a witch."

A tourist visiting a small island off the New Brunswick coast approached an old lobster fisherman and asked patronizingly, "Have you really spent all your life in this little place?"

The islander gazed at him thoughtfully and answered, "Well, no—not yet."

A lawyer in Guelph, Ont., called by appointment at a real-estate office and the agent hurried him off to a pleasant brick house on the outskirts of town, unlocked the front door and proceeded to show him around. The furnishings showed that the owner had left in haste. "I hope we're not inconveniencing him," remarked the lawyer as they entered a bedroom. Just then, remembering his wife's



advice about checking on cupboard space, he turned the knob of a closet door and found to his horror that it was firmly held shut by a hand on the opposite side.

A woman in Thistletown, Ont., was horrified to find that all the precious stones had been pried out of a few pieces of heirloom jewelry she possessed. On investigation she found that her ten-year-old daughter had been asked at school to contribute to a collection of colored stones.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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